

PARIS CHIT-CHAT,

g.c. g.c. g.c.



VOL. II.

Paris Chit-Chat;
OR,
A VIEW
OF THE
SOCIETY, MANNERS, CUSTOMS, LITERATURE
AND
AMUSEMENTS OF THE PARISIANS,
BEING
A TRANSLATION
OF
“ GUILLAUME LE FRANC-PARLEUR,”
AND
A SEQUEL
TO
“ L'HERMITE DE LA CHAUSÉE D'ANTIN.”

“ Chaque âge a ses plaisirs, son esprit et ses mœurs.”--- *Boileau, Art. Poét.*

VOLUME II.

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PARIS CHIT-CHAT



OR,

William the Plain-Dealer.

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No. XVI.—August 27, 1814.  
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THE OFFICE FOR WET NURSES.

“ Præcipuum jam inde a teneris impende laborem.”

VIRG. Georg. Lib. 3.

“ Sur-tout veillez sur eux dès leur plus tendre enfance.”

“—Nimis uncis,

“ Naribus indulges.”—PERS. Sat. 1.

“ C’est aussi pousser le jeu trop loin.”

“ SIR, you are inquired for.”—“ By whom?
“ —you know that I never see any body be-
“ fore three o’clock.”—“ A young lady says
“ that she *must* speak to you.”—“ Ah! a young
“ lady?”—“ Yes, a pretty little chamber-maid,

“ who will not speak to any body but yourself,
“ and who inquired if my mistress was at home.”

—“ Indeed ! beg her to come in.”

“ My mistress charged me to deliver this letter
“ to Mr. William himself, and to him only.”
—“ I am he, Miss ; give it me.”

The note was in the following words :

“ One whom you do not know, Sir, and who
“ has, nevertheless, the most tender attachment
“ for you, has occasion to see you this day, and
“ to intrust you with a secret and a charge on
“ which the happiness of her life depends.”

“ This letter is not signed—who sent it ?”—
“ It is from a lady whom I have served only a
“ short time, and of whom I know no more than
“ that her name is *Julietta*.”—“ Is she young ?”—
—“ I don’t think that she can be more than
“ eighteen years old.”—“ And handsome ?”—
“ Beautiful !—angelic !”—“ Is she married ?”—
“ I presume that she is.”—“ But what does she
“ want with me ?”—“ I don’t know.”—“ Leave
“ me her address, and say, my pretty dear, that
“ I will call on her between seven and eight
“ o’clock in the evening at the place appointed.”

Left to myself, I began to reflect on an adven-

ture which appeared at first a little too *gay* for one of my character and age; however, on recollecting the modest air of the chamber-maid, and on examining the elegant writing of the letter, I entertained more honourable conjectures concerning the person who had sent it, and, if I must speak the truth, more flattering to my own *self-love*. I did not dare to encourage much the ridiculous expectation that came across my mind: however, I dressed myself with more than ordinary attention; and in arranging my hair, I endeavoured to conceal all that of a *silver* hue which might give an idea of five-and-forty years. I went out, without speaking to my wife, and set off in a hackney-coach, by the grand walk of the *Champs Elysées*, towards the main street of *Chaillot*. I found the house according to the direction, and entered secretly by the little green door in the garden, agreeable to my instructions. The waiting-maid who was in attendance, conducted me, under an Italian *trellis*, into a pavilion which was detached from the house, and begging that I would stay a moment in the hall, quitted me to inform her mistress of my arrival.

Foppery was never my failing, even at that

age when there may be some cause to be vain ; however, it was impossible not to expect an affair of gallantry : I did not doubt of it any longer ; and all the efforts of my reason served only to guard my heart against the temptations to which I saw myself exposed.

The young messenger returned : we ascended together a little flight of stairs, covered with Turkey carpeting ; and after having crossed an anti-chamber had a saloon, more conveniently than richly furnished, I was introduced into a bed-chamber feebly illumined with a night-lamp.

At the moment that I entered, a big woman, who held in her hand a silver ewer, went out with the waiting-woman, and I found myself in rather a singular situation, which I had some difficulty to comprehend. I was standing against the chimney, endeavouring to distinguish the objects round me, when a soft faint voice, that appeared to come from the inner part of an alcove, in a timid tone addressed me in the following words :

“ You must be very much astonished, Sir,
“ that, not having the honour of being known

“to you, I have taken the liberty to invite you
“to call on me.”—“Madam,” replied I, with
emotion, drawing near the bed, and discover-
ing a charming face, the paleness of which made
the countenance more interesting, “such an in-
“vitation, unexpected as it was, must occasion
“more of pleasure than surprise.”—“I am
“going to increase yours, by explaining in what
“service I have ventured to ask your kindness
“and indulgence.”—“Ah! speak, Madam, or
“permit me to guess; after such a confession,
“the cause of your embarrassment.”—“I am
“a stranger in this city; the event which
“brought me, and which keeps me here, has
“already cost me many tears: I must submit
“to my destiny, and you are the arbiter of it.”
“What can I do for you, my sweet child?”
replied I, taking hold of a beautiful little white
hand which hung out of the bed, and which
trembled exceedingly as I held it within my own.
“Without requiring,” said she, “at the pre-
“sent moment, a confidence which I neither feel
“the strength nor the courage to make you,
“promise (for every thing that I hold most dear

“in the world depends on it) not to refuse
“me the favour that I want the power to ask
“you on my knees.”—“I promise.”—“And
“you consent to receive a charge, dearest to my
“heart, which must be so also to yours, and
“which I am about to put into your hands?”

The concluding words, the tone in which they were pronounced, and the tears which accompanied them, deranged all my ideas at once, and I could no longer imagine what service she could possibly expect from me; I did not, on that account, cease to repeat the promise which I had made. At this instant the young lady rang the bell twice; and taking my hand, kissed it. I felt some tears drop, while she said to me, sobbing, “You will know, in getting into your
“carriage, the nature of the engagement which
“you have just made with me; but it is from
“another that you will learn how I am enabled
“to justify the liberty which I have taken.”

I went out, after having embraced the lovely invalid, and, without being able to understand any thing from what I had seen and heard, I returned to my carriage by the same way that I had

arrived. As I was getting into it, the big woman whom I had noticed as I entered the bed-chamber, put a kind of basket on my knees, and immediately shut the door, saying, "For Heaven's sake, Sir, take great care of it; it is as hand-some as an angel."

The coachman set off—it was night, and I had placed the mysterious basket on the seat before me: it was covered with a mantle of taffety; I was endeavouring to guess what it could possibly contain, when, to my extreme astonishment, my ears were struck—with the cry of a young child! I hesitated a moment, considering what I should do: "Shall I go on?—shall I re-turn instantly?" I figured to myself, on the one side, the distress and chagrin of the interesting stranger, and, on the other, the scene which I might expect at home: but, to sum up all, I had given my solemn promise. I considered myself no longer to have the power of receding, and, wholly taken up with reflections on the whimsicality of the adventure, and laughing, but with a very ill grace, at my last affair of gallantry, I arrived at home.

I went first to my wife's apartment: she was alone. "Here, my dear," said I, putting into her hands the little basket, "is a present I have brought you."—"What does this idle joke mean?" replied my wife. "The joke is a better one than you think," continued I, lifting up the green taffety mantle, and exposing the pretty little creature contained in the cradle.

Every thing that the head of a woman could entertain of violent sensations was pictured in the face of my wife: "A child!" cried she, "a child brought to my house! who does it belong to?—will you answer me, Sir?" I saw by the expression of her countenance, that I had not a minute to lose, and immediately recounted the particulars of my adventure, to which she listened, without appearing to give them the least credit, and without turning her eyes from the infant, which she had laid on a sofa. "And do you think," cried she, when I had done speaking, "that I can believe this fine story? surely you might have invented some fable that would have agreed better with the im-

“pertinent resemblance that this little girl has brought into the world with her.”

“How, Madam, you believe——” —“Believe! no, Sir, I am convinced—unless one was blind, it is impossible not to be struck. It is a shame, an indignity,” exclaimed she, bursting into tears as she sat down by the cradle. “My dear friend,” said I, in a tone the most solemn that I could adopt, “I protest that your suspicions have not the slightest foundation; and if you will take the trouble of reflecting a little, and of listening one moment, you will blush at having entertained them.” After some words of explanation, and the sight of the note which the young lady had written to me in the morning, I succeeded in calming her inquietude, although I could not wholly remove it.

During this domestic jar, the infant began to cry; and, under any other circumstances, nothing could have been more pleasant than to see my wife give herself up by turns, and even at one and the same time, to the opposite sentiments that affected her head and heart:—to see her fly from a fit of anger to a burst of sensibility,

as she cradled the infant on her knees, and gazed at it with the greatest tenderness, while she glanced at me the most furious looks ;—addressing the most kind and affectionate words to the child, and bestowing on me reproaches full of bitterness and resentment.

To put an end to this quarrel, I took the step that could alone justify me in her eyes, and remove all her doubts. I proposed to her to accompany me the next day to *Chaillot*, and to convince herself of the truth of my story, of which she continued obstinately to entertain doubts. This proof of confidence made a sudden revolution in her ideas, and from that moment she occupied herself entirely with the care of the little creature who had been confided to us. She took it in her arms, embraced it like a mother, and could not help admiring its beauty, the regularity of its features, and the charms of its infant smiles.

“ Make haste, Mr. William, ring for my
 “ maid, and don’t let my daughter come in ; for
 “ you know very well—— Here, Susan, take
 “ this child, carry it into your room ;—you seem
 “ surprised, I am as much so as you can be ;—
 “ is it not a beautiful infant ? I will carry it up

“ myself;—run, get some milk and honey; that
 “ will do for to-night; to-morrow we will have
 “ a wet nurse; I will go myself to the office, and
 “ choose one to my mind. There is nothing like
 “ the milk of the mother—I ought to know some-
 “ thing about it—thank God I have brought
 “ up all mine; it is a duty, but every one is not
 “ able to do it.” While speaking, my wife
 took the child in her arms, and carried it up
 to her maid’s room, while I was admiring
 the versatility of woman:—seeing her fly in
 a few minutes from one passion to another;
 from ill temper, to anger; from anger, to con-
 tempt; from contempt, to indignation; from
 indignation, to commiseration and pity; and
 lastly, from pity, to affection.

In Turkey, after the death of the father of the
 family, it is customary to levy three per cent. on
 the goods of the *defunct*, and they make up the
 remainder into seven lots; two for the widow,
 three for the male infants, and two for the girls;
 but if the widow had been wet nurse to her chil-
 dren, she had, above her allowance, the third of
 the five other lots. This decree of a country re-
 proached for not having any laws, would be

adopted with advantage among people where the *luxuriant growth of the laws checks the energetic administration of them.*

It has long been customary in France, for mothers of every rank to suckle their own children: even royalty has not thought itself dispensed from fulfilling a duty prescribed by Nature, who repays the toil with the sweetest recompense. Towards the end of the sixteenth century, the ladies of the court began to neglect this custom; and the wretched example that they gave, was but too quickly followed. The *Emile* of *Rousseau* made in this respect a happy revolution; and the eloquence of the author renewed in the breast of mothers a sentiment, or rather a want, that had been too long suppressed: they did not recollect that the performance of that duty implied the exercise of several others; and more than one woman, in undertaking to become a *nurse*, by changing the dissipated life that she had been in the habit of leading, and by neglecting the precautions that her new situation demanded, had to repent of having too inconsiderately yielded to the voice of Nature, and to the counsel of its eloquent interpreter.

In the present state of society, every woman has not the happiness of being in a situation to give suck to her children: the too worldly, or too laborious life, to which many are condemned, and the weakness of constitution of a great number, forbid that sweet prerogative of a mother. I know that this reasoning will not be allowed by those dogmatists who reduce every thing to system, and who make no exception to the general rule that they have once established; but, not all the paradoxes in the world, under whatever luminous form they may be presented, will make me comprehend, that the milk of a debilitated mother, or of one of too delicate a constitution, from whatever cause it may be, can be preferable to that of a stranger, young, wholesome, and in perfect health.

My wife, who never reasons but from her heart, and who fancies that she thinks *justly* when she feels *sensibly*, was not exactly of my opinion. "It is natural to nurse one's own child," repeated she continually, without caring to understand, that every thing that is natural is not always proper in society; and

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without seeing that my objections were not against the principle, but the forced construction which she deduced from it, she insisted (to convince me of every thing that I agreed to) on the numerous inconveniences of sending children to nurse.

“ See,” observed my wife, as she finished dressing to go out with me, while I put a few lines of this article to paper, “ see, Sir, the fine
“ consequences of your institutions. Scarcely
“ has the child come into the world but it is
“ put into the hands of a stranger, who sells
“ her maternal produce, like a milk-woman, at
“ so much a pint: the first words that it lisps, the
“ first caresses which it bestows, are not for her
“ who brought it into the world, but for another;
“ and its first attachment is for a family to which
“ it does not belong: when restored to its own,
“ the first lesson which it receives is ingratitude;
“ the care of every one about it is to make
“ it forget that nurse who supplied the place of
“ a mother, that adopted father who caressed
“ it when returned from his labour, and those
“ foster-brothers who played about its cradle:
“ it is only by length of time, and after great

“ pains, that education is able to eradicate
 “ those kind affections, and to transplant
 “ them to the paternal soil; and, if I dare
 “ so express myself, engraft filial love on its
 “ heart.”

My wife would not be easily stopped when she was speaking about any thing in which she felt an interest; and as the expression of her sentiments awakened some thoughts which I wished to indulge, I listened to her without interruption until the moment that we arrived at the office for wet nurses.

That fine institution is one of the last benefits of the longest and most brilliant reign of which our history has to boast. It was in 1715 that Louis XIV. to put an end to the abuses and disorders occasioned by the affluence of wet nurses in the capital, issued the ordonnance that gave creation to the establishment which was called *le Bureau des Nourrices et de la Recommandaresse*, “ *Office for Maids and Wet Nurses.*” These offices, formerly separate, are now united at the same house in *la rue Sainte Apolline*. In going into the court-yard, we were immediately surrounded by a crowd of

women, who came to offer their services : they spoke in all the provincial dialects, and were differently dressed. My wife, more used to these matters than myself, did not stop long to listen to them: "These nurses," said she, "are of the number of those whose milk is not new; it is not one of these that we want."

We went into the room called *les Locations**, where the youngest nurses are usually assembled; among whom one fifth at least are neither married nor widows. Should it be inferred from thence that the manners are less pure in France than in any other country in Europe, I can produce a fact which I can support by proof,—that the ancient department of the *Leman*, so near a neighbour to Switzerland, that country, so renowned for its patriarchal innocence and purity, reckoned annually in its registry a greater number of foundlings than the city of Paris, the sink of vice and corruption.

We have been so much used to speak of, and have suffered so much from, the *evils* produced by the revolution, that we find it difficult to allow

* For letting out.

that any thing *good* resulted from it. It is certain, however, that at no other epoch have the crimes of infanticide, or of the desertion of children, been less common. The revolution, in relaxing the principles of the legislation and of morality, made the affinities between the classes closer, the relations more numerous, and marriages of easier accomplishment; young women, when mothers, gained in humanity what they had lost of modesty, and the commission of a crime had no longer its excuse in the dread of shame. If what has been said by *Beccaria* be true, that infanticide increases among a people in proportion as the laws and manners become more severe, we have at least a motive for applauding ourselves on account of the indulgence of others. The establishment in the *rue Sainte Apolline* has for its object, *first*, to establish a central point, a place at which the wet nurses in the capital may meet; *secondly*, to afford a guarantee to parents, compelled, the greater part of them, to confide their children to nurses whom they do not know; *thirdly*, to insure to nurses the reward of their care, and the payment of their salaries.

Independently of the public hall *des Locations*, the house contains several sleeping-rooms, wherein each nurse has her bed placed between two cradles, one for her own, and the other for the nurse child.

I shall not enter into long details on the interior regulations of that house, in which one must admire at every step the order, the propriety, and the respect for humanity for which the public institutions of the present day, directed by the honourable the Commissioners of the Hospitals, are remarkable.

I returned to the hall *des Locations*, which my wife and myself went over, each on our own side. When one has to choose among women, let it be for whatever purpose it may, the young and graceful, according to Voltaire, have always the advantage. My looks were first fixed on a little *villageoise* about eighteen years at most, her air melancholy, and her countenance amiable : the particular cleanliness and modesty of her dress spoke very much in her favour.

“Where do you come from, child ?”—“From
“ a village four leagues from Auxerre.”—“ You
“ want a nurse child ?”—“ Yes, Sir, at home.”

“ Have you been in Paris some time ? ” After a little hesitation, and fingering of the corner of her neck-handkerchief, “ I am just come out of the Lying-in Hospital. ” — “ And you have left your child there ? ” — “ Nay, Sir, if it had not died, I should not have thought of giving suck to another. ” — “ Are you married ? ” With a sigh, and looking down, “ I ought to be so, ” she cried. “ You have recommendations, without doubt ? ” — “ I don’t know any body here, but in my own country—I shall never know any body there again. ” — “ Your name ? ” “ Annette. ” — “ And your family ? ” — “ You have no need of knowing it, to intrust me with your infant ; I shall love it, I assure you ; I must love something : here are the certificates of my good health from the physicians of the Hospital. ” I gave my address to this young woman, and I should have engaged her immediately, if my wife, who came to me again, and who had heard the conclusion of our conversation, had not taken me aside to make some grave objections to my choice. I replied in a manner that I thought would interest her in favour of the poor girl, and observed, that, after all,

the nurse, and the nurse child, would not be able to reproach each other; besides, we were not engaged, and we could continue our search. While we were chatting in one corner of the room, a great *Picarde**, of about thirty years of age, with the voice of a man, and who was pretty well tanned in the face, came up to us to make an offer of her services to my wife with the most deliberate air in the world, and answering beforehand all the questions that we could possibly put to her: "You are in want of a nurse, Madam, and
 " I am in search of a nurse child; we can agree,
 " I am sure;—a milk six months old, neither
 " more nor less: I have just taken home Mad.
 " Bertrand's child, a sweet infant. Mad. Ber-
 " trand is M. Bertrand the baker's wife, in *la*
 " *rue Beaubourg*; ask her my character, or at
 " the office, or of any of the porters, or where-
 " ever you choose: there is not an inhabitant
 " within six leagues of *Amiens* who does not
 " know *Therese Gaillochot*. My husband is
 " vine-dresser to *Hubecourt*; I have six children,
 " each more beautiful the one than the other:

* A woman of Picardy.

“ you see my last ; he is lusty and fat enough,
 “ I hope ; he never asks for it, I could suckle
 “ three of them with pleasure ;—your child
 “ will be better with me than at home : my
 “ little Gabrielle is quite a treasure for a nurse
 “ child ; she is my eldest, she is only thirteen,
 “ and you would take her for eighteen at least.”

I believe that the good woman would have talked till now, if my wife had not found just time between two respirations, to tell her that it was a home nurse that was wanted. The one whom we spoke to afterwards was a *jolie paysanne* from *Meriel* : she told us that she had made up her mind to take a wet nurse’s place, as she could not earn enough to make the pot boil : her husband, formerly a corporal in the 88th regiment of the line, had returned from the Spanish war with the loss of an eye, and gave lessons in the broadsword exercise, to all the young people in the country for five sols each. She further remarked to us, that with her we should have the advantage of seeing our child as often as we pleased, as there were always stages going to and from Paris. The condition of nursing at home was not agreeable to her, and we continued our inquiries.

While my wife, after having seen several other nurses, was talking to the little *Annette*, who had drawn near her, I was conversing with one of the people of the house, who made me acquainted with the rules and regulations of royalty at the founding of the institution. I remarked with astonishment, that the wisdom and prudence by which they had been dictated had not provided against a kind of crime of which there were several examples, and which would occur perhaps oftener than one could possibly believe. I speak of the changing infants at nurse. How many anecdotes could be cited, independently of that which has furnished the plot of the opera of *Lucile*, by which it might be proved that these exchanges are the more to be dreaded as they are so easily effected !

I was not surprised to learn, on rejoining my wife, that she had actually engaged the little *Annette*, whom we took home with us, smiling at the romantic adventure that put us in the situation of placing in the care of a wet nurse, of whom we knew but very little, a child of whom we knew still less.

After having bestowed on the infant her first

and most tender attentions, my wife reminded me of a promise which I had made that she should see the mother; and we accordingly went together to *la rue de Chaillot*. The young lady had set out that very morning for *Rochelle*, but had left us a little box, wherein we found letters, some hair, and a portrait, of which the sight alone revealed to us a *family secret*, which I do not think myself at liberty to reveal.

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No. XVII.—September 10, 1814.  
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THE BEGGARS.

“ *Melius mori quam mendicare.*”—PLAUTUS.

“ *Il vaut mieux mourir que de mendier.*”

It is better to die, than to beg.

SINCE the time of Guzman d'Alfarache, the trade, or rather the profession, of a beggar (for those gentlemen have also their share of pride), has made a rapid progress in France. The society of mendicants has been increased by the addition of several orders, who live under the same laws, although subject to different customs. The primitive brotherhood adopted the garb of misery as their *costume*; but our modern beggars are dressed in fine clothes, in uniform, in gowns, and may be seen even in their carriages. Every class of society has its beggars; and if ever a

man of wit and an observer of mankind should set about writing their history, the work would be of great importance, and would have a more extensive circulation than the *Repues franches de Villon*, and *Les Ruses et les Finesses de Ragot le Capitaine des Gueux*.

The world is indebted, as every body knows, to the sage *Don Mateo d'Aleman Contador de Resultas* for the Beggars' Code of Laws, in a classical book of which the general utility is acknowledged. I have some reason to believe that a worthy writer, in every respect of unspotted reputation, is occupied at this moment on a new translation of this Pandect of the Mendicants, with which he has the intention of enriching his own memoirs: I dare entertain hopes that he will join my eulogiums to those that *Alphonse de Barras* and *Louis de Valdes* * have made on that excellent work of *Don Mateo d'Aleman Contador de Resultas*.

The Spanish author, who appears to have travelled a great deal, and whose book is the fruit of long meditation on the character of different people, says indeed, that the French beg

* See the Romance of *Guzman d'Alfarache*.

in a bending attitude. Civilization has made in that respect, as in many others, some notable alterations: the beggars of the lower order content themselves at this day with inclining the head; but the *beggars* of the superior classes bend their knees, and those of distinction prostrate themselves even to the ground.

Physiological experiments have demonstrated, that, in a certain class of animals, the faculty of raising themselves on their hind legs is owing to the arrangement and flexibility of the vertebræ. It is the same with reptiles of the human species; the most adroit in *getting up*, are those whose spinal bones are the most supple. *Buonaparte* said one day, speaking of an illustrious beggar who has not forsaken his profession, “*Je ne sais comment cela se fait : cet homme a huit*”
 “*pouces de plus que moi, et toutes les fois que*”
 “*je lui parle, je suis obligé de me baisser pour*”
 “*l’entendre.*”——“I don’t know how it is: that man is eight inches taller than I am; and yet every time that I talk to him I am obliged to stoop down to hear what he has to say.”

In this country, where one is always taking pains to give a good name to actions which have

the least claim to it, they have substituted for the word *begging*, in the familiar phrase of conversation, that of requesting, or asking the favour, or soliciting, or canvassing, or paying court. To know precisely which of those words, as each has its particular signification, should be used as synonymous to the humiliating term of which it often takes the place, requires only a simple definition: *TO BEG, is to ask with importunity a thing to which we have not the least pretension*; this definition admitted, I shall no longer be afraid that my real meaning may be misunderstood, or that I may be accused of treating lightly, in the eyes of the compassionate, the sacred rights of *real* distress.

To follow with any chance of success this trade of *begging*, which at first sight appears so easy, a great deal of patience is required, united with considerable fortitude to support the humiliations, the refusals, the disgusts, and the contempt to which it is exposed. The beggars of a superior class must renounce all sort of independence, crawl from anti-chamber to anti-chamber, give one hand to the master, and another to the valet, and not be afraid to besiege the

door that has been shut twenty times in their face. It is not to be learnt in a day.

The naturalists have invented, in order to facilitate the study of science, different classifications which do not exist in nature. She offers in her three kingdoms but *three* species connected the one with the other by relations that overturn the systems which have attempted to separate them. It is the same in the moral order: society is constituted by distinctions of condition and of rank, which, on a close examination of characters, disappear. It is thus that the observer goes from the *beggar* in the streets to the *beggar* in the palace, without particularly noticing the exterior differences by which they are separated. What signifies the object which they pursue, when the means that they employ are the same? Beggars of bread, beggars of riches, beggars of fame, beggars of favours, all equally at the charge of the commonwealth, are a disgrace to the nation and noxious to society.

The laws of the ancients respecting mendicants were better than ours, if we may judge by the results. The Egyptians, according to *Hero-*

dotus, would not suffer among them either beggars or vagabonds. Every district had its officer of the police, to whom each citizen gave annually an account of his means of subsistence.

The same spirit reigned among the Greeks. "There are not any beggars in our republic," says Plato, in one of his letters; and if any one exercised that disgraceful occupation, the magistrates obliged him to leave the country.

Among the Romans, one of the first duties in the office of the censors was to keep an eye on the beggars; and the laws relative to them were so rigorous, that they went even so far as to declare—that it was better to let beggars die for want, than to support them in idleness: *Potius expedit inertes fame perire quam ignavia favere.*

The immense hospitals that Constantine founded for the refuge of those Christians who were released from slavery, became in some measure the seminaries of *mendicity*, the scourge of which was presently spread over all Europe.

Charlemagne, by publishing edicts respecting vagabond beggars, with a prohibition against affording sustenance to any one of them who

refused to work, completely freed his vast dominions of them; but, two centuries afterwards, the foundation and example of a religious order devoted to alms-giving, restored the race of mendicants, who entered into a confederacy among themselves, to live without working, and at the expense of others. The wishes of the monks have been sanctioned and respected, but the *mendicants* have never been able to put theirs under the protection of the laws.

During two centuries there have been published in France twenty edicts against *mendicants*, the inefficacy of which has increased with their rigour, since they only palliated an evil which the establishment of workhouses would have destroyed.

The governments that have succeeded, since 1790, have each of them in its turn dictated laws on this subject, on the principle of well-grounded foresight; but they remained almost every where without execution. The first and the most successful trials of that plan have been made in *Belgium*, by the Count de *Pontecoulant*, then prefect of the department of *Dyle*, and now member of the House of

Peers. In less than a year, by means of the establishment of houses of *refuge* for infirm mendicants, and of workshops for those who could labour, *mendicity* was totally extirpated in a country where that evil was perhaps the most deeply inveterate. I was then at Brussels, and had ocular demonstration that in government every thing is practicable where perseverance and talent are united.

For some time past the mendicants have again invaded that capital; the public walks swarm with them; but they no longer excite our commiseration by disease, nakedness, or distress: they are those who have taken an active part in the last events of the war. One may notice, on quitting the suburbs of Paris, a swarm of mendicants in the habits of peasants of *Franche Comté*, *Alsace*, *Champagne*, and *Burgundy*, who pretend that their cottages have been burnt down, their farms pillaged, or their vineyards destroyed. I saw even a woman endeavouring to excite compassion for a misfortune that all the alms in the world could not alleviate.

Some of these miserable wretches, who speculate at the same time on compassion and on

the public calamity, are not afraid, during some days, to disguise their turpitude under a military cap and dress, and to dishonour the habit of a French soldier: there is but one opinion of these jugglers, whose ingenious rogueries the paternal solicitude of the government will very soon detect.

In this new accession of mendicants there are to be found several who ask alms in the open day, with unblushing confidence, although they are as well clothed as those to whom they address themselves. The leader of that species is a man about forty years of age, whom one meets constantly on the *Boulevard Italien*, or in *la rue de Provence*. A new coat, well-dressed hair, and black silk stockings, would scarcely lead one to suspect the profession that he exercises; hence he takes good care to apprise you of it at some distance, by a bow, which he gravely accompanies with the words "*Je demande l'aumone*"—"I ask charity;" and is ready to answer, like the Spanish beggar, to those who might feel disposed to remonstrate with him, "*I ask money from you, and not advice.*" This man, whose confidence and contrivances have much amused

me, has a maid-servant, who comes to tell him when dinner is ready, and who brings him in the evening a great coat, or an umbrella, according as the weather may be.

These men, who beg for superfluities, conduct me, by an insensible transition, to speak of those who beg for riches. Vareuil is the model of beggars of that class. With an income of twenty-five thousand livres, a widower, and without children, there is nothing to prevent his leading an honourable life, and employing his leisure time usefully or agreeably. He chooses rather to officiate in the office of a farmer of the revenues, and obtain from his meanness an interest, without putting his money in the funds, in an occupation where he risks nothing but his honour.

We come next, in the inverse order in which I have made my classification, to the beggars of literary reputation. It is most generally at the doors of the *journalists* that we find them asking alms. One of these only solicits at first, with much modesty, for the insertion of a *short advertisement of a little work*. If he obtains it, he ventures to ask as a favour, a *short para-*

graph; he will write one, to save you the trouble, and is always at hand to present it on the day when you are most at a loss how to fill your paper.

The beggars of this species are less delicate than the others; they do not hesitate to raise themselves on the ruin of their fellow-creatures; and when they cannot succeed, they put themselves in the way to prevent any one else.

Of all the court beggars, the most illustrious and the most unhappy is the poor Count de *Morval*.—He is seventy-seven years old, has a great name and a large fortune, with considerable dignities; he has all the honours belonging to his rank and birth: bending under the weight of years and infirmities, he has need of repose, which he loves, and which he could enjoy in the bosom of his family; but he wants a title, in order that his wife may have a privilege at court which she is ambitious of obtaining; and it is to satisfy her childish vanity, of which he is a sharer, that he attends every day at the castle, without regarding the asthma with which he is afflicted, and that he struggles to ascend the grand staircase, the top of which he is never

sure of reaching alive. Why does he not ask for it? without doubt he would obtain the object of his wishes ; for pity at least is due to a feeble octogenarian, who is begging a favour.


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No. XVIII.—September 17, 1814.  
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FOR AND AGAINST.

THE THIRD SUPPER OF WILLIAM THE
PLAIN-DEALER.

“ Infantes sumus, et senes videmur.”

MAR. EPI. 70.

We are infants, and our appearance is that of old men.

“ THE evil has originated,” continued *M. Moussinot*, seating himself at table, and fastening a napkin to his buttonhole, “ in the desire
“ we have felt to possess more reason and wit
“ than our fathers: it follows therefore, that the
“ remedy is very simple, *replace every thing as*
“ *it was*: nobody can deny it.”

DUTERRIER*.

That is what may be called strong reasoning;
I do not see, indeed, that any thing can be added

to it ; and it is merely to keep up the conversation that I will ask *M. Moussinot* what he understands by our fathers ?

MOUSSINOT.

Eh !—I understand—the husbands of our mothers, grandmothers, and great-grandmothers.

DUTERRIER.

Very well ; but before we put every thing in the same place that it was in the time of our fathers, we ought to know of whom you are speaking. If we mean our fathers the *Gauls*, you oblige us to re-establish the feast of the misletoe and oak, and the somewhat cruel custom of burning little infants in osier baskets, in honour of *Teutates* : this is what, perhaps, you did not think of. If you would put us in the situation of our fathers the *Franks*, you would be denominated *vilain*, *M. Moussinot*, and, what is worse, *serf* of *M. le Comte de Clenord* here, on whose *fief* you were born. If you content yourself with going back to the Crusades, then you must think it right that I should appeal to the judgment of God to terminate a little dispute that we have together,

and that I should prove to you that I am in the right, by the argument of the lance and battle-axe.

MOUSSINOT.

All that is very pleasant, but I do not date so far back, nor do I acknowledge as my ancestors any but *true* Frenchmen, like you and me.

MR. WILLIAM.

But from what epoch do you date the existence of *true* Frenchmen?—and we must further know, what were the periods, and who were the men, which you propose as examples.

MOUSSINOT.

I have no pride myself, and I have never made researches to find out if the *Moussinots* were known in the time of the Crusades; but I have leases and agreements, properly executed, which prove that one of my Parisian ancestors had a freehold in the time of Henry IV.: that is enough for me—there is my epoch, and from that I date.

CLENORD.

In glancing at the throne, you may already fancy yourself seated upon it.

DUTERRIER.

Heaven preserve us, *M. Moussinot*, from that good time at which France, covered with the wounds of civil discord, was destitute of any energy at home, or consideration abroad, excepting that which it derived from its monarch,—when the public roads were covered with briars,—when the inhabitants of the capital were reduced to about one hundred and eighty thousand,—when that capital itself was, during the night, an immense den of thieves, and where, in the space of ten years, the best of kings and of men had to defend himself five times from the daggers of the assassins, by whom at length he fell.

DUBUISSON.

You gentlemen philosophers have the game all your own way, when you argue with history in your hands; but in the presence of facts we know as much as you do, and I hope that you will not take it amiss, if we offer up our prayers to see once more those days of peace and happiness which we formerly enjoyed, and

of which the execrable revolution has so long robbed us.

DUTERRIER.

I join in your hatred of the revolution : I would not wish, however, that we should shut our eyes to the abuses that gave rise to it. I am not against venting our curses on it, if we do but profit by it.

DUBUISSON.

Profit by what ?

DUTERRIER.

By the experience that our misfortunes have given us, and by some advantages that it has procured us.

DUBUISSON.

I give you joy of your advantages, but they have been bought too dear.

DUTERRIER.

I allow it ; but, since they are paid for, we should be great fools not to enjoy them.

DUBUISSON.

I know all the mischief that the revolution has done : as for the good, I have yet to learn it.

DUTERRIER.

Without speaking of some political advantages, the importance of which will only be appreciated by the rising generation, that disastrous period has given birth to some institutions, of which it would be as ridiculous to suffer the abolition, as it would be dangerous to allow the existence of others.

MOUSSINOT.

Ridiculous, or not, I would not spare any.

MR. WILLIAM.

Not even the new system of unity of weights and measures, adopted for so long a period by all the upright men in France? not even the institution of *trial by jury*, in criminal matters? not even that fine establishment, the *Institute*, so useful to the progress of human intelligence, which finds a mutual support in the links that unite without entangling it?

CLENORD.

I have a son at the Polytechnic School; and, inimical as I am to innovations, I declare myself the most zealous friend of an establishment which has produced men of the first talent, and officers to whose genius our arms have owed, during twenty years, a great share of their glory, and the youngest pupils of which, on the terrible day of the 30th of March, displayed on the hill *de Saint Chaumont* courage above all eulogium, and worthy of the success that it could not obtain.

TREMENVILLE.

Let who will admire these schools and military establishments: there will never be so many of them suppressed as I could wish. Which-ever way we turn our steps round this capital, we fancy ourselves in a great military school, of infantry, of artillery, of cavalry, of fifes and trumpets: one would think that there was no other science in the world than that of war. Our children were enlisted as soon as they left their cradles; their first dress was a uniform, their first hair-dressing *à la militaire*, and their

first playthings a musket and a sabre. After this they march away to glory, and get back again if they can.

DUTERRIER.

They have carried that matter, like many others, a little too far; but that does not prove that the system of military instruction was not essentially beneficial, and of which we should only desire to preserve the basis. I will say as much of the University, re-established on the only principles which are suitable with the ends of its foundation, the interests of the state, and the progress of learning.

TREMINVILLE.

Do you not admire also that military discipline introduced into the Lyceums, transformed into barracks? and are you not delighted to behold the successor of *Rollin*, *Hersan*, and *Coffin*, going round the classes, like a general officer visiting his posts, at the sound of the drum, inspecting the pupils, who hold in one hand a *musket*, and in the other a *Gradus*, and who are reciting the *Foot-soldier's Manual*, instead of the verses of *Virgil* or *Horace*?

DUTERRIER.

Pleasantry is sometimes irresistible, and to be convinced of error unquestionably leads to reformation : so let us say no more about it.

MOUSSINOT.

But on all these matters I have but one mode of reasoning, and it suits me exactly :—all that was done *before* 1788 was good ; all that has been done *since* is not worth a rush—and from that I shall not depart.

ad. 1789.

DUBUISSON.

Our friend *M. Moussinot* is fixed in his principles. He assured me yesterday, that if he was King of Spain, he would, on the same grounds, re-establish the Inquisition, and forbid the *vaccine* inoculation.

CLENORD.

I am very much, in some respects, of the opinion of those who prefer our good old prejudice to innovations, which are often dangerous ; and I should not find it difficult to maintain that preference as being true politics, which is, a

I know well, a paradox in morality: but I do not go so far as my neighbour *Moussinot*, and I am ready to own, that, notwithstanding dates, I should preserve, at all events,

La Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers,—an unique establishment in Europe, where are collected the models, of a full size, of the greater part of the machines that have been made, to the inspection of which the public are admitted: where artists and mechanics receive the kindest welcome, and where they find, in a drawing-school annexed to the establishment, the instruction that they need to enable them to take copies of the machines, of which they have before them the models:

Le Comité de Vaccine,—to whom we shall soon be indebted for the extinction of the small-pox:

La Société d'Encouragement,—established by voluntary subscription, that bestows prizes, and makes advances to artists, and which has so much increased the national industry:

La Conservatoire de Musique,—which has already carried *instrumental* execution to the highest point of perfection, and has (to express one's self better) naturalized in *France*, a charm-

ing art, of which *Italy* seemed to have had the exclusive privilege.

I oppose also, with all my powers, the neglect of a branch of rural industry, in the prosperity of which our agriculture and our cloth manufactories are equally interested.

MOUSSINOT.

You would speak of Merinos; and on that matter I maintain (and I maintain it, I believe, conscientiously), that it is to our good Louis XVI. that we owe the introduction of Spanish sheep among us. I have followed all the experiments of Rambouillet since 1786: I have seen grow, and come to perfection, by the indefatigable care of our able *M. Tessier*, that magnificent flock which became the parent stock of all those which are now to be found spread over the French soil, and particularly of that which I produced myself in my beautiful grounds at *Gatinais*, and which I disposed of to so much advantage last year.

DUTERRIER.

We owe to that importation, and to that increase of the Merino, advantages without num-

ber. We are arrived at the moment of gathering its best fruits, that of freeing our industry from the heavy duty which it pays to foreigners, to furnish our cloth manufactories. Well! thanks to the avarice of our manufacturers, and to the supineness of the administration, all their advantages are on the eve of being lost: the price of the Merino scarcely exceeds that of broad-cloth: already the proprietors of the flocks of the Spanish breed sell their sheep to the butchers, and fatten them with that intention; from whence it follows, that, in less than two years, we shall have no more Merinos in France, and that we shall be compelled, as formerly, to export every year considerable sums in the purchase of fine cloths, if the government, without regarding the remonstrances of some interested manufacturers, does not determine, in conformity with the wishes of the proprietors of flocks and of the agricultural societies, to establish a useful competition in permitting the exportation of sheep, of Merino rams, and their cloth.

CLENORD.

With a prince like the one under whom we

have the happiness to live, an abuse of that nature terminates as soon as it is known. Let us look to the prosperity of our manufactures, but do not let us forget that agriculture ranks first. "What manufacture but that," observes the philosophical agronomist whom you have just cited, "can furnish to the kingdom more than "two millions of revenue?" I am a farmer, and I do not adopt too easily the new theories that politicians entertain respecting agriculture; but I do not adopt with less warmth the discoveries of which I have found the utility; and, without offence to *M. Moussinot*, the hives in which our fathers used to keep bees, were not so proper as *pyramidical hives*, the invention of *M. Duconédic**, which I have introduced with great success in the canton where I reside; for, after all, as *D'Alembert* says, "*il n'y a que la raison qui finisse toujours par avoir raison.*" It is reason only, that always ends with being in the right.

* See *Le Journée de l'Homme des Champs*, by *M. Duconédic*.

MOUSSINOT.

Hence, and to return to our Merinos and sheep, since reason tells us that we were, in 1788, the happiest people on earth; put us as we were in 1788, and rebuild the monarchical edifice on the basis of the Almanac Royal of that year.

DUTERRIER.

I add, to complete your meaning, and that of many more persons of whom you are the echo, destroy the bridges which facilitate the communications between the two banks of the *Seine*; put the *Louvre* in the state of ruins that it was in; rebuild the barracks that obstructed *la Place du Louvre*, and the nests of rats that choked up *le Pont-St. Michel*; restore to the monks the seventh of the French territory, re-establish the tithes in favour of the clergy, &c. &c. and ten pages of et cetera.

CLENORD.

Listen, my dear *M. Moussinot*; do not let us exaggerate any thing, for fear of its taking away

the whole credit from what we say ; let us profit by the *good* that is done, without distinctions, and even, if you will, without gratitude towards those who did it, and allow me my little comparison.

No. XIX.—October 2, 1814.

COURTIERS.

"Quand Auguste avoit bu, la Pologne étoit ivre."

When the King had been drinking, all Poland was drunk.

ABUL-FARAI relates, in his History of the Dynasties, that the Caliph Mansoul had an only son, whose education occupied all his care. Moti-Lillah (the name of the young prince) was on his travels under the guidance of a wise preceptor, and had arrived in Khorasan, when he learnt, with inexpressible grief, the death of Mansoul, to whose throne he was called, not only by the right of birth, but still more by the desires of a people which had idolized his father. The prince, absorbed in grief, committed to his Mentor the preparations of departure, and they set out together for Bagdad.

In the course of the journey he received with eagerness the counsels of his instructor Alibour, and confessed to him the anxiety he felt at being called, so young, to the important charge of the fate of an empire. "Great prince," said Alibour, "the art of governing men is in a great degree only the art of knowing them: and, in this study, a king should begin with his courtiers. The experiment may seem long and difficult; but if your Highness will adopt my method, I will undertake that one day's trial shall develop to you the character of your principal courtiers." Moti-Lillah consented, and, according to the advice of his preceptor, arrived incognito at the palace. Nevertheless, the report of his arrival was soon propagated: and the great men of the court, eager to pay him homage, presented themselves in the first instance to Alibour, for the purpose of obtaining some insight into the taste, humour, and disposition of the new Caliph.

His first visitor was the great Iman, a man of exemplary life and morals under the former reign, who knew the Koran by heart, and had been three times to Mecca. Alibour told him, as an

especial secret, that the only fault of the young prince was an unconquerable passion for wine, which he had contracted during his travels, and to which he abandoned himself without reserve.

The Iman was succeeded by the Grand Visir, a valetudinarian in the last stage of life, who had grown old among the affairs of state. Alibour intrusted to him the confidential communication, that the taste and occupation of his young pupil were exclusively devoted to personal adornment.

Next came the chief of the Emirs, a brave soldier, who had passed his life in camps, and had no other study nor pleasure than war: he was of course extremely concerned to find, that the lighter arts of music and dancing were the only pursuits that the young prince cultivated himself, or deemed worthy of reward in others.

Alibour's last visitor was the chief of the eunuchs, who heard, not without anxiety and alarm, that Moti-Lillah was passionately attached to the profession of arms, and seemed resolved to devote his life to that single pursuit.

The day of presentation arrived. The crowd of inferior courtiers besieged the palace, every

one striving to attract a glance of the Caliph, by all the abject demonstrations of cringing servility. The ministers appeared last in the Divan, and the astonishment of the Caliph may be better imagined than expressed, at the sight of his old Visir, with his little white beard distilling perfumes, a caftan of azure embroidered with silver, a turban resting on the ear, and surmounted with an aigrette, affecting all the airs and graces of a young coxcomb of Bagdad. The great Iman came reeling in after the Visir : his complexion, naturally pale, was illuminated with all the fires of the Cyprian grape : he had just sufficient power of speech remaining, to stammer out a few incoherent words, which he uttered with all the self-complacency of complete intoxication. The chief of the Emirs glided in humming a new air, and practising some steps, which announced his taste and talent for dancing. The prince knew not what to think of this novel species of masquerade, and was beginning to show signs of anger, when the grotesque figure of the chief of the eunuchs, muffled in a casque and cuirass, smoothed his brow and disarmed his resentment. As there seems to be a

kind of compact among courtiers never to laugh in each other's faces, however ridiculous may be the mask they think proper to assume, they awaited the example of the prince, to indulge in mutual mockery : an example which he was not long in setting, when Alibour had apprised him of the cause, motive, and object of this singular masquerade. The result of this adventure is not related by the Persian historian ; but the annals of the reign of Moti-Lillah clearly show, that the Caliph profited by the lessons of his preceptor, and knew how to estimate at their true value the merit and candour of courtiers.

The race is ancient, and is distinguished by the same marks in all times and countries. Can it be supposed that the courtiers of Alexander, who made a practice of inclining the head on the left shoulder, because such was the habit of the king ; that the favourites of Philip, who, in compliment to his one eye, wore a patch over one of their own ; that those of I know not what Elector of Saxony, who produced by means of stuffing an artificial rotundity to imitate the deformity of their master : can it be supposed that all these courtiers were of a different species

from the ministers of the Caliph of Bagdad, and that they would have been less scrupulous, on a similar occasion, as to the means of obtaining favour ?

Nevertheless, it must be acknowledged, that if the spirit of courtiers be the same, the art they cultivate has made an astonishing progress : those of the present day are infinitely more skillful flatterers, and have arrived at the point of dissembling even their dissimulation. Aristippus had discovered that great men have their ears in their feet : it has since been observed, that they have their eyes in their knees, and have a very indifferent sight for every thing above that level.

The Romans, under the republic, affected a sovereign contempt for flattery ; but they had no sooner pronounced the word empire, than they attained, in the art of courtiers, the true sublime of meanness. Cæsar, three months after he had passed the Rubicon, was called the father of his people. Octavius became Augustus, and Augustus, yet living, became God. A decree of the senate gave him conjugal rights over the Roman ladies. At length the same body, which had disposed, during four

centuries, of all the thrones of the world, assembled under Domitian, to deliberate on the species of sauce with which it would be most advisable for the emperor to eat a turbot.

Courtiers, who must not be always confounded with the great men of the court, have never been judged more severely than by their masters. Francis I. regarded them as *children of tribes, who had no parents*; Alphonso of Portugal compared them to *dishes symmetrically arranged on the table during the feast, and promiscuously thrown together in the kitchen*, when subsequently transferred to the scullion. The Regent defined the most accomplished courtier to be *a man without either honour or feeling*.

It was scarcely earlier than the reign of Louis XIII. or rather that of the Cardinal de Richelieu, that the French began to distinguish themselves in the art of preparing the courtly poison of flattery: for Henry IV. is not known by his flatterers; he has the merit, much more rare among kings, of being known by his friends. That excellent prince loved truth, and took pleasure in hearing it; in which he had a great advantage over Frederick, who did not always hear

it with pleasure, even in his suppers at Potsdam :
“ *Silence, gentlemen,*” he would often say ;
“ *here is the King.*” He would not have suffered
with impunity the words that were once address-
ed to Henry IV. : *Sleep on, Sire ; we have a
great deal more to say about you.*

Louis XIII. was not spoiled by flatterers : for
this too he was indebted to his minister, in whose
antichamber the nobility were accustomed to
dance attendance. During the space of fifteen
years, the clergy, the nobility, the literati, were
grovelling in the dust at the feet of Richelieu.
Among the latter, Corneille alone dared openly
resist him : but the author of the *Cid*, who so no-
bly defended his literary fame against the Cardinal,
yielded to the necessity of flattering the King’s
treasurer, who was not very punctual in the
payment of the poet’s pension. Corneille had
not learnt from Pindar the secret of *harmo-
niously asking alms*. There is not a chamberlain
of the present day, who does not shrug his
shoulders with pity, in reading the dedication of
Cinna : nothing, it must be confessed, can be
more ridiculous and more impertinent than the
comparison which the great Corneille endea-

vous to draw between M. de Monteron and the Emperor Augustus: he is obviously very near confessing it himself: "*I have lived so remote from flattery, that I may claim the right of being believed when I bestow praise.*"

Louis XIV. gave at least plausible pretexts to flattery: undoubtedly they were abused; but when panegyric is seasoned with wit, it almost extorts approbation. Boileau is in this respect equalled only by Voltaire. How witty and graceful the distinction he made at Madame de la Fayette's, where it was observed that the words *gros* and *grand* might be indifferently employed, as in speaking of *great* merit or *great* reputation. "You may say what you please," said the ingenious satirist; "but you shall never make me believe that *Louis le Gros* is the same as *Louis le Grand.*"

There is rather less delicacy in the preamble of a Capuchin, who, preaching before Louis XIV. at Fontainebleau, began his sermon thus: "*My brethren, we shall all die:*" then suddenly stopping, and turning to the King, "*Yes, Sire, we shall almost all die.*"

The memoirs of the time concur in describing

the Duke of Grammont as the most witty and subtle courtier of that period. He one day entered the Cardinal's closet without previous announcement, while His Eminence, in one of the moments of relaxation in which he indulged his mind, was amusing himself with taking standing jumps against the wall. The Duke instantly felt the danger of surprising a prime minister in so puerile an occupation : another would have retired stammering excuses, which would have been answered by instant disgrace : the Duke was too skilful a courtier to fall into such an error : hastily entering, he exclaimed, "*I will bet a hundred crowns that I jump higher than your Eminence :*" and the Duke and the Cardinal began jumping together. Grammont took care to lose his wager by jumping a few inches lower than Monseigneur. In six months, he was marshal of France.

Flattery was never more dexterously administered than to Louis XIV. ; but it was given in larger doses to Bonaparte, as I shall soon have occasion to remark. In the last years of the great King, adulation became, if not more ingenious, at least more studious in preparation. While

the gardens of Versailles were being decorated with the masterpieces of Coustou, Coisevox, &c. Louvois conceived the design of placing statues on their pedestals a little out of the perpendicular. The inclination was sufficiently remarkable to be observed by the King, who desired that it might be rectified. Louvois strongly maintained the perpendicularity of one of the statues. Mansard and Le Nôtre, who were in the plot, sided with the minister. The King, confident of the truth, ordered the perpendicular to be verified by means of the level: the instrument determined the question in favour of the King, and the courtiers fell into raptures on the accuracy of his Majesty's eye.

Towards the close of this reign, flattery became perfectly shameless. Louis XIV. grown old, lamented one day at table that he had lost his teeth. "*Ah! Sire, who has not?*" eagerly exclaimed la Roche Aimon, endeavouring to hide a very beautiful set. The Marshal de Villeroi, the King's most particular favourite, who had not lost ground in his estimation even by several disastrous defeats, maintained his influence by similar sayings. The King, who had the weak-

ness of not liking to grow old, inquired the age of a veteran officer who wished to retire from the service. "*How old is he?*" said the King. "*Why, Sire,*" said the Marshal, "*as old as every one else—sixty-six.*" The King, who thought this answer perfectly natural, laughed nevertheless at that of the less experienced sycophant, who, in reply to the royal question, "When his wife would lie in?" said, with a profound bow, "*Whenever it shall please your Majesty.*"

Louis XIV. lived in the midst of that cloud of old courtiers, who endeavoured to make that great prince forget the disasters of his arms, and the irreparable ravages of his accumulated years. This epoch founded the glory of the famous *Œil de Bœuf* (bull's-eye), the lustre of which, not to employ a more suitable expression, was afterwards effaced by that of the antichambers of the Thuilleries and Saint Cloud. This *Bull's-eye*, unknown to the great majority of the existing generation, was the last apartment of the grand suite in the Castle of Versailles, and was before the bedchamber of the King. There the great men and the courtiers (for I cannot too often

repeat that these words are not essentially synonymous) came to await the rising of his Majesty ; and in the mean time to adjust their features and deportment to the event, or the news of the day ; to weep over the defeat of Hochsted, or rejoice in the victory of Denain ; to ascertain with what looks they were to accost such or such a minister ; whether they were to salute Foray, or turn their backs on Pomponne. There presided the Marshal de Villeroi,

More with the King's than victory's smiles elate,
In story little, in the *Bull's-eye* great.

This high priest of courtiers lulled his master with visions of greatness, which were but dreams of the past. The object of their highest emulation seemed to be, who should most effectually conceal from him the truth of his own and the national decline. At the theatre, he heard only the insipid prologues of Quinault : the Bishop of Noyon, Clermont Tonnerre, founded an annual prize, the object of which was to be the periodical and eternal celebration of the virtues of the sovereign : and the Duke of Grammont solicited a brevet of historiographer, that is to say, com-

missioned sycophant, to call things by the name they receive from Duclos. This writer, who so energetically inveighs against the courtiers of that epoch, whom he stigmatizes as *poisoners*, if he had lived half a century later, would have found language deficient in epithets to express his indignation.

Louis XIV. fell sick; and the crowd, which diminished at his court with the progress of the disorder, increased every day at that of the Palais Royal: the Duke of Orleans accordingly satisfied himself of the state of the King's health, by merely inquiring how the *Œil de Bœuf* had been attended in the morning.

There are three kinds of flattery—the flattery of words, the flattery of action, and the flattery of imitation: they were all three employed against Louis the Great: the flattery of imitation, the most subtle of all, and most effectual with a *royal debauchee*, was employed almost exclusively by those who paid their court to the *Regent*. Those courtiers, who, under the late King, had been most attentive to the sermon, became during the regency the most assiduous at the opera:

Debauch'ry now, and now devotion,
Both aiming at one end—promotion

The greatest, or, more correctly speaking, basest flatterers of Louis XIV. became the *roués* of the Regent ; and those whom age incapacitated for the office, solicited the honourable reversion for their children.

Hadrian built a temple to Antinous, and easily supplied it with priests : can it then be a matter of astonishment that Law and Dubois should have found flatterers ? Has it not been said that the plague would find them, if it had places and pensions to bestow ? The Scotch adventurer witnessed the verification of the ingenious and whimsical remark of a certain great man : “ *I declare that I become the friend, and in some degree the relation, of all whom it may please his Majesty to appoint superintendents of finance.*” Law found in France, during his short administration; some relations on whom he had not reckoned, and who proved to him, after his bankruptcy, that he had been in the right.

The boldest of the flatterers of Dubois, and the one who most clearly demonstrated the depth to which meanness can descend, was undoubtedly the Bishop of Nantes, who undertook to con-

secrete the wretch, that he might sit in the chair of Fenelon. He saw the advantage of astonishing the Regent, who was not easily astonished, as every one knows.

That prince's definition of a *perfect courtier* shows that he understood the true value of this class of men. He amused himself at their expense with equal wit and truth. He often repeated the words of Socrates's pupil Antisthenes :
 “ *Courtiers and courtezans have this point of resemblance, that both desire the object to which they attach themselves to possess all worldly good, except good sense and prudence.*”

“ *Flatterers are like thieves,*” said he to the author of a work on the danger of rendering instruction too popular, in which he found himself extravagantly praised ; “ *their first care is to extinguish the light.*”

To prove that flattery has its origin in dependence, the Regent observed, that *the two kinds of men most flattered are kings and jailors.*

Louis XV. was a minor when he came to the throne. Beauvilliers or Fenelon would have developed the promising qualities of that amiable prince into virtues inestimable to the nation :

But the care of his education was confided to Villeroy. The character of such a preceptor will be sufficiently illustrated by a single anecdote. A brilliant fête had collected an immense crowd in the castle courts. Villeroy, leading in the young King to a balcony, and pointing to the multitude that flocked to see him, gave him this useful lesson : “ *Sire, all these people are yours : there is nothing here but what belongs to you : you are the absolute master of all you see.*” The most surprising circumstance is, that a prince so educated was not a tyrant.

The virtuous Montausier conducted the education of the Dauphin on different principles. The Prince and his young playfellow Créquy were engaged at an exercise, in which the latter, though much the more expert of the two, affected, nevertheless, to yield the superiority to the Dauphin. “ *Little serpent,*” exclaimed the angry preceptor, “ *you deserve to be strangled.*” He was, I believe, the same M. de Montausier who said, “ *Flatterers find their account with the great, as doctors do with the victims of imaginary disease : the latter pay for ills they have not, and the former for virtues they ought to have.*”

Louis XV. after having been twenty-five years the idol of his people, remained exposed during the rest of his life to libellers and courtiers, and showed himself, as much from indolence as generosity, indifferent to the multiplied calumnies of the former, and the abject servility of the latter. In a visit which he one day made to the office of foreign affairs, care was taken to leave, as if by accident, on a table by which he was expected to stop, a pompous eulogium of his virtues and heroic qualities; and as his Majesty had just begun to make use of spectacles, a pair was placed near the paper. Things fell out as had been foreseen: the King read, and blushed at, the impertinent panegyric: but what, perhaps, had not been foreseen, was the observation he made as he threw the spectacles on the table? "*They are no better than the others,*" said he; "*they magnify objects preposterously.*" This prince, who had a cultivated mind, a sound judgment, and, unhappily, very little strength of character, said, that truth entered into the ears of kings in the same proportion as money into their coffers, one per

sent. Even thus, I am inclined to think, he exaggerated his riches.

Towards the middle of the last century, some philosophers entertained the design of introducing truth at the courts of Europe. Voltaire set the example at Potsdam: and he would probably have accomplished his object, had he been a little more sceptical as to the probability of ultimate success. No prince ever testified a more cordial contempt for courtiers than the great Frederick. "*It is wrong,*" said he, on one occasion, "*to accuse them of being absolutely destitute of individual character, and of forming themselves, at all times, on the model of their masters: it is true, they are gay or sad, libertines or devotees, with those who are so: but who ever saw them suffering with those who have become unfortunate?*"

Diderot had been invited to Russia by the Empress: in one of those suppers at the Hermitage, which were more agreeable, though somewhat less gay, than those of Sans Souci, the philosopher launched forth in a furious philippic against flatterers, which he concluded by saying, that "*there ought to be a hell on purpose for*

"*them.*" Catherine interrupted the conversation, by inquiring, "*What was thought at Paris of the death of the late Czar?*" Diderot, who immediately felt the perfidy of the question, stammered out some words about "*political necessity, reasons of state, &c.*"—"Monsieur Diderot," said the Empress coldly, "*take care; you are at least on the road to purgatory.*"

Nevertheless, the same princess, whose character and understanding seemed to secure her against all the arts of adulation, fell into one of the most clumsy snares ever spread by courtly sycophants under the steps of a sovereign. In one of her journeys through her vast dominions, her ministers, to prove to her the benefits of her reign, devised the scheme of composing itinerant cities and villages of pasteboard, which were placed near her route in the midst of the deserts she traversed, where she was equally surprised and flattered, to find a population, which preceded her incognito, and travelled post among the baggage of her courtiers.

The severe probity of Louis XVI. kept flatterers at a distance: to the Queen their access was more easy; but the first dawn of the re-

Revolution sensibly thinned their ranks : perhaps the last courtly words addressed to her were those of M. Calonne, in answer to her communication that she had something to ask of him : “ *If what your Majesty asks be possible, it is done : if impossible, it shall be done.*”

I shall not speak of the flatterers of Marat and Robespierre, amongst whom the executioners, and their numerous auxiliaries, figured in the van. The flatteries of such courtiers, addressed to such masters, must have been, what they were, human hecatombs.

I have now arrived at an epoch which verifies, for the hundredth time, the remark of Pliny, “ *That the princes who are most hated, are always most flattered.*” Bonaparte, to whom alone, of all extraordinary men, it was given to astonish the world, still more by his fall than by his prodigious elevation, had never shown himself unworthy of the throne before the day on which he determined to mount it ; which he had no sooner done, than he was immediately blockaded by legions of courtiers, armed with meanness and impudence, who, to his shame, and that of the nation, extended the limits of

servitude. The kings of France, in every period of our history, had scarcely any flatterers but among those great men who take on themselves the voluntary title of servants, and whom Regnard calls,

Slaves whom silly coxcombs pay,
To grin at all the trash they say ;

and amongst those miserable scribblers, whom the English have disgraced with the burlesque honour of the name of *laureate*. The Emperor Bonaparte found all the bodies of the state contending for the privilege of deifying his follies and inflaming his fatal passions. The persons least prejudiced in favour of the ancient monarchy then remembered, that parliaments formerly carried their voice to the foot of the throne only, for the purpose of remonstrating with the sovereign; and in their discourses eulogium was frequently but the pretext for speaking truth ; while all who addressed the Emperor seemed imbued with the maxim of the Persian poet :
*To combat the opinion of the king, is to dip
your hands in your own blood : should the prince,
at mid-day, say, it is night, lose no time in sub-*

*“ joining, that the moon is bright, and that the
“ Pleiads are visible.”*

The flatterers of Tiberius and Domitian would have blushed at the forms of adulation that were addressed to Bonaparte : a prefect terminated with these words his harangue to the victor of Austerlitz, *“ When God had made Bonaparte, he reposed himself.”* What a pity that he did not repose himself before !

Another functionary, of more elevated rank, had on his desk a bust of the Emperor and the code of the conscription ; on the first was inscribed, in letters of gold, *“ This is my god ;”* on the second, *“ This is my law.”* This magistrate, nevertheless, was not the same who endeavoured to prove at the tribune, *“ that the
“ conscription was a means of increasing the po-
“ pulation ;”* while another maintained it to be an exercise very beneficial to the health of young people.

Nothing is so difficult to propitiate as a fantastical deity. Bonaparte drove his incense-bearers to despair ; who found no other means of seasoning their flatteries to his taste, but by submitting to him beforehand the praises they

intended to serve up. The matter was at last simplified by manufacturing in the Emperor's own apartment the orations that were to be addressed to him in public. Bonaparte, like certain dramatic authors, who applaud their own works in the theatre, and afterwards praise them in the newspapers, finally managed all his business for himself. How he managed it, we have seen.

Before we can speak of the courtiers of the present day, the greater part of whom have only turned in haste their yesterday's coat, we must at least give them time to prepare new dresses, to rehearse together, and to cast the character of the drama; which, to judge from the first rehearsals, promises to be of a comic description.

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No. XX.—October 15, 1814.  
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A JOURNEY IN A DILIGENCE.

*“ Dans maint auteur de science profonde,
“ J’ai lu qu’on perd à trop-courir le monde.”*

GRESSET.

I’ve read in many an ancient gloss,
A rolling stone collects no moss ;
Which seems to mean, with right unravelling,
There ’s little gain’d by too much travelling.

THE Parisians, in general, are so thoroughly convinced of the truth of this maxim of Gresset, that the idea of a journey is the last they are likely to entertain. The most excursive imagination of the *Estrapade*, or the *Cité*, does not frequently wander more than a league from the barriers. These respectable citizens are indeed aware, by tradition, of the existence of something beyond Montmartre and Pantin ; but of what importance can it be to those whose eyes are accustomed to the wonders of Paris ?

A writer of considerable wit, of too much wit perhaps, Crebillon the younger, who owes his reputation to frivolous compositions, and who had sufficient talent to have founded it on more durable productions, is one of the first writers who have amused themselves with this absurd feature in the Parisian character. He composed, in conjunction with his friend Sallé, a work abounding with wit, humour, and natural delineations, on a journey from Paris to St. Cloud. It will not be foreign to my subject to quote a passage of this burlesque *Odyssey*, in which the author thus pleasantly describes his hero's preparations for departure :

“ I had but a few days before me,” says the traveller, “ to make my preparatory arrangements. I began by having all my linen washed, which I packed up in a trunk, with four complete suits of clothes, for the different seasons ; two new wigs, a hat, some new stockings, and shoes : and having heard that it is advisable, in travelling, to have as little luggage about one as possible, I put all my necessities together in a bag ; that is to say, my striped calimanco dressing-gown, two

{ shirts, two summer morning-caps, and one
“ of light velvet, embroidered in silver ; a pair
“ of slippers, a powder-bag, a flute, and a map ;
“ my compasses, my pencils and colours, my
“ inkstand and letter-case, half a dozen packs of
“ cards, a game of goose, and a prayer-book.
“ The few things I carried about me were, my
“ gold repeater, my smelling-bottle, my gloves,
“ my boots, a whip, my fox-skin muff, my
“ green silk umbrella, my great varnished cane,
“ and my agate-handled hunting-knife.”

Few persons, who have travelled in a coach or a packet-boat, but can appreciate the truth of a picture of which I really found the model in the Bourdeaux diligence.

I dislike a post-chaise, as much from taste as economy. I am not contented with the society of my own servant, to whom I cannot address a remark, or with that of a travelling companion who snores three parts of the way. I have sometimes found a little amusement in conversing with the postilion ; but, independently of the inconvenient position of the speakers, and the noise of the vehicle, which necessitates the double and treble repetition of the same ques-

tion or the same answer, the catalogue of names is soon exhausted, of the seats within view of the road, and of the persons of distinction who have travelled the same way during the preceding week. Give me a full, well-loaded diligence: it is a little itinerant city, with its different quarters, its government, its police, and even its public amusements; its population, it is true, scarcely exceeds thirty individuals, including the postilions, and the domestic animals in the suite of the travellers: but this population has its laws, its prejudices, its distinctions of rank, and its peculiar customs. The inside is the fashionable end of the town, the *Fauxbourg St. Germain* of the diligence; the *cabriolet* is the *Marais*; and the *imperial*, the *Cité*.

I had booked my place eight days beforehand, to secure myself the back seat, the only one in which I am free from that species of sea-sickness which many persons feel in a carriage. We were to start at midnight: by half past eleven I was ready, and took my seat in the rolling house which was to transport me from the banks of the Seine to those of the Garonne.

I pass hastily over the preliminaries of the

journey, of which, I recollect, my predecessor the Hermit of the *Chaussée d'Antin*, gave last year a very exact description. The bales, trunks, portmanteaus, boxes, packages of all kinds, have been successively placed in the scales, calculated in chilograms, and deposited, according to their weight, in the boots or on the roof; the driver, whip in hand, summons the passengers; one alone is behind his time, a soldier; no matter, the clock struck twelve.

We wait for no one : off we bowl :
The pond'rous mass begins to roll :
The postboys crack their whips, and swear,
And spur the steed, and lash the air.

The fiery coursers hear the sound—
They rouse their strength—they strain—they bound :
The pavement groans—the wheels turn round :
Away—we burn along the ground.

This is the moment of the last adieu. “Write
“ soon. Take care of yourself. Don't forget my
“ commissions. Remember me to all at home.
“ Kiss my children for me. A pleasant journey
“ to you.”

Here I am, rolling through the streets in the

middle of a fine night, of which the calm is only disturbed by the wheels of the diligence, which has the privilege of periodically shaking all the houses in its way. Profound silence reigned during the first hour, interrupted only by an occasional yawn or sigh from my companions, whose features I vainly attempted to decipher by the fugitive light of the lamps. All that I could clearly ascertain was the fact of being closely blocked up in my corner by an enormous mass of snoring elasticity next me. I had no other means to preserve the faculty of breathing, but by opposing my neighbour's pressure with the point of my elbow ; which, making its lateral projection sensibly felt, as the play of his lungs gave a prodigious expansion to his right side, forced him from time to time to interrupt his noisy sleep, with an exclamation of, "*Sir, your elbow annoys me.*" To which I coolly replied, "*Sir, your whole person annoys me ;*" and he recommenced his nasal serenade.

I should have been long in guessing the nature of the obstacle which opposed the extension of my legs, had not a less patient passen-

ger stretched out his so abruptly, as to elicit a bark and a bite, against a leg, which seemed to belong to an Englishman, to judge by the emphatic *God damn!* which accompanied a second kick against the animal. The cries of the latter awakened its mistress, who, in a voice modulated to a shrillness not perfectly melodious, gave articulation to the words, "*uncivil brute.*" The Englishman maintained, "*that a cur had no right to a place in the coach.*" The lady declared she had paid for the dog; nevertheless, to terminate the dispute, and shelter her darling from the future attacks of the enemy, she took him on her knees, where he remained more quiet, but not more innocent, as we shall shortly have occasion to show.

This little nocturnal scene provoked several peals of laughter, some of which seemed to proceed from a female mouth, which I supposed to be young and pretty, without exactly knowing why: she was separated from me by the *tun of man*, my oppressor; and had an opposite neighbour of the other sex, whose head, keeping time with the jolting of the vehicle, came very na-

turally in contact with hers, without producing any complaint on either side.

All was again tranquil, and we moved on to the melody of my fat neighbour's nose, when the gallop of a horse, accompanied with a volley of terrible oaths, caused the postilion to stop : it proved to be our lieutenant of hussars, who had been supping with a party of male and female friends at the Lyonnese coffee-house, and had forgotten that the diligence waits for no one. The officer, without interrupting the torrent of his execrations, paid for the horse that had brought him from Paris to Rambouillet, and ascended to his post in the *cabriolet* : the diligence rumbled on.

If the rising of the sun on the sea-shore, in an extensive and beautiful country, be a majestic and impressive picture, the rising of the same luminary in a diligence is, on the contrary, not a little grotesque : the first rays of light fall on a set of figures so whimsical, so comic, so burlesquely accoutred after a night's travelling, and mutual surprise and curiosity are so pleasantly depicted, that the most farcical imagination cannot produce a more ridiculous scene.

As soon as objects were distinguishable, we began to examine one another : the tun of man who was still snoring by me, was the first object of attention, and was saluted with a general peal of laughter, which at last awoke him : he lifted his woollen nightcap from over his eyes, yawned, stretched out his arms, pulled out his watch, and talked of breakfast.

The female who sat opposite me, with a young wolf-dog on her knees, appeared to be about forty years of age, as well as I could judge from her figure, which was partly concealed under a black velvet hat, adorned with two feathers that had once been white : suspended from her arm was a large work-bag, whence peeped forth the corners of several manuscripts ; from which, and from her occasionally humming an air of a comic opera, I concluded her to be a provincial actress, and was not wrong in the conjecture.

The Englishman, muffled in an immense box-coat, with a thick fur cap on his head, employed himself sometimes in rubbing his leg where the dog had bitten it, sometimes in whistling as he peered at the scenery, and now and then in swallowing a mouthful of rum, of which he

carried a stock in a leathern bottle. The fat man laid siege to his generosity by an encomium on the very salutary travelling practice of taking a drop of comfort in a morning: the Englishman signified his assent to the proposition by taking another sip, then stopped the bottle, and replaced it in his pocket.

The young man in the other corner of the front seat, kept his eyes fixed on the girl opposite to him, whose pretty figure even surpassed the idea I had formed of it. From the care he took to keep his hat drawn over his eyes, it seemed that the return of day was not quite so agreeable to him as to us.

We stopped to breakfast. All alighted, and I saw for the first time my fellow-travellers of the *suburbs* of the diligence. The hussar had already scraped acquaintance in the *cabriolet* with a plump rosy-cheeked nurse of Ruffet, who had been to Paris to restore her nurseling to its parents. The travellers on the *imperial* descended as expeditiously as they could: one of them, either from haste, or to display his activity, showed a magnanimous contempt of the ladder, and took a flying leap with so little dexterity, that, to pre-

vent too sudden a collision between his nose and the ground, he was obliged to seize the first thing that came in his way: this happened to be the collar of the Englishman's box-coat, who was the last of the inside passengers to alight from the diligence: the consequence was, the instant downfall of both parties, who rolled over each other on a heap of dung, near which the vehicle had stopped. The laughter of the spectators increased the wrath of the unfortunate travellers. The Englishman jumped up with a vehement *God damn!* the *Provençal* betrayed himself by an equally energetic *Tron de Dieu!* accompanied with a menace, which the Englishman answered with a vigorous blow of the fist, and immediately put himself into a boxing attitude. The inhabitant of Marseilles, who was by no means at home in the fine arts of the Thames, seized the handle of a pitchfork, with which he would infallibly have killed his adversary, if he had listened only to the fat man, who had remained in the diligence to breakfast by himself, and who cried out with all his might, "*Strike home! They have taken from me two ships, without declaration of war: revenge the cause*

" of our colonies : pay it into his forecastle :" but we made haste to part the combatants, and entered the inn together.

We there witnessed a conjugal recognition between the mistress of the little dog and one of the travellers on the imperial : this tender couple, both provincial performers, met after a separation of twelve years, and congratulated each other with a very ill grace on the good luck that had caused them, unknown to each other, to contract an engagement at the same theatre. The commencement of the explanation promised a comic scene, but it was interrupted by another between the fat man and the actress. He had calculated on making his breakfast on the half of a fowl, which he had deposited in one of the pockets of the diligence. Unluckily, the dog had smelt the provision during the night, and as his position on the knees of his mistress brought him on a level with the larder, he had taken advantage of it to make an excellent meal at our ship-owner's expense. This accident, which amused us much during breakfast, gave rise to a revival of the argument concerning the dog's right to a place in the coach ; and the coachman being

called in, decided, after hearing both sides, that the dog should be intrusted to the husband, and finish his journey on the roof.

This point being settled, and peace restored, we resumed our seats.

I have always observed that fellow-travellers in public vehicles seldom grow very sociable till after the first meal : they seem to begin to know each other the moment they sit down to the same table. Our baronet thought no more of the terrible attacks of the *Provençal* : a bottle of claret had sufficed to extinguish his resentment : the ship-owner, who had revenged the demolition of his pullet on the remains of a turkey, easily forgot a robbery of which he was no longer reminded by the presence of the thief : I even believe that the actress began to console herself under the shock of having found her husband : as to the young people, it was easy to perceive that their intimacy was of a much more ancient date than ours, and that they had taken more than one journey together. All seemed disposed to think only of enjoying the beauty of the morning. The hussar was teaching the nurse some *bivouack* songs, the burdens of which were wafted to us

in concert with that of *Vive Henry IV.* from the comedian, whom the Englishman accompanied between his teeth with a stanza of *God save the King*. "Confess, Sir," said I, pointing out to him a magnificent prospect, "that you will not often
" see a more beautiful country."—"The country
" is well enough; but the coach is infernally
" uncomfortable: in England they would not
" use one of your diligences for a coal-cart."—
" You have there a great advantage over us cer-
" tainly: your means of public conveyance are
" more easy and expeditious, and it would be a
" pleasure to travel in England if you could get a
" safe passport from those worthy personages
" whom you call highwaymen."—"We had our
" free choice between the police and the thieves:
" and of two evils we took the least."—"That
" is another of those advantages which we will-
" ingly resign to you,"—"It is not the only
" sacrifice of the kind to which your pride is
" reduced."—"Rather say, to which our mo-
" desty consents. The tendency to depreciate
" what they themselves possess, and to exag-
" gerate the advantages they discover elsewhere,
" is really a malady in the French character:

“ but it diminishes daily, and it must be confessed you do all in your power to hasten the cure.”—“ Your thanks are a little ironical: no matter: in labouring for the happiness of nations, we had no right to reckon on their gratitude.”—“ The Americans at least must be very ungrateful if *they* refuse it to you. Was ever war more just than that you now wage against them? the paternal correction you have inflicted on them at Washington, seemed, to be sure, a little too severe to that obstinate crowd of observers who will not understand your sublime system of policy: but, to the eternal honour of the French name, there have been some spirits among us sufficiently daring to vindicate an action so much the more memorable as it is absolutely unparalleled in the history of war.”—“ My political studies are confined to the newspapers; and I find it very clearly laid down in the *Courier*, that public buildings belonged to the conqueror: therefore we had a right to make a bonfire of them, if only for our own amusement. After all, whose business is it but our own? We make war as we please and when we please,

“ and we shall be in the right as long as we are
“ the strongest ; that is to say, as long as we
“ have money to buy soldiers, and ships to trans-
“ port them to the four quarters of the world :
“ you will have the goodness to take notice that
“ our reign is not in danger of a speedy termi-
“ nation.”—“ *Monsieur de la Tamise*, if the
“ peace happily re-established between our two
“ nations permitted me to look back to the past,
“ I should endeavour to prove to you, that
“ if Bonaparte had possessed a tenth part of
“ the public attachment which attends Louis
“ XVIII. you would perhaps have had to mourn
“ on that event which now appears to you the
“ most remote from probability. Whenever
“ the head of the French nation shall be able to
“ say, in the words of Louis XIV. but with
“ more reason, and in a different spirit, *The*
“ *people, that is, myself*: whenever that na-
“ tional spirit now beginning to revive, shall
“ blend irrevocably and unreservedly the interests
“ of the nation and the sovereign ; England,
“ which so easily adopts the sentiments her po-
“ sition imposes, will no doubt estimate at their
“ true value the frank and honourable friendship

“ which France has so often unsuccessfully offered, and the dangers of a rupture which we neither fear nor anticipate.”

During our conversation, the actress had produced a pocket-glass, and adjusted her head-dress; and though she did not understand the subject of it, she now thought proper to join in, and began, with many affected graces, a panegyric of the English, which seemed to me measured by the magnitude of a purse of guineas she had seen.

“ *Corbleu, Madam,*” interrupted the fat ship-owner, “ you talk very coolly on the subject: but if you had been in London as often as I have; if your son had been a prisoner four years on board a hulk; if you had had two ships taken, the first a month before the war, and the second a fortnight after the peace, I should like to know what you would then say to such people ?”—“ The Admiralty is just,” said the Englishman, smiling: “ your ship was of course returned to you.”—“ Yes, as our colonies were: by confiscating one half, and taking from us the means of making any use of the other.”

The lady took the part of the Admiralty, and

began, in theatrical language, a dissertation on maritime rights, which could not have failed to enliven the discussion, when a general cry cut short the thread of her discourse. We were descending a hill sufficiently steep to require the precaution of locking the wheel, which had not been taken; we had quitted the middle of the road, and were going at a brisk rate within a few inches of a ditch, in which the postilion, by dexterously avoiding a rut, contrived to deposit the diligence. Accidents of this nature, unhappily too common, when they do not prove very fatal, are usually very comic: ours was happily of the latter description. The least fortunate of the party escaped with a few contusions. The passengers on the roof, being at the highest point of projection, flew off in a tangent, and were precipitated with equal velocity and good luck into a field of new-mown hay. The inside passengers fell rather more roughly: the Englishman and the fat ship-owner sustained the greater part of the pressure, which was aggravated by the efforts each made to escape: as I was the first disengaged, I hastened to assist the rest: the two fat men swore with a most zealous emulation,

each in his own language: the actress, whose head was wedged in between their legs, uttered most lamentable cries; the young man and woman, who had fallen more naturally, were perfectly silent: I helped them to rise, and I observed that the one laughed and the other blushed. As to extricating the actress, she was so strangely entangled, that it appeared impossible: even her husband knew not how to take her, and maintained that it was out of the question to think of drawing her out in one piece. When she was at length placed on her feet, the inconceivable disorder of her toilet gave rise to such a burst of laughter as I never remarked to have heard,—that inextinguishable laughter which Homer attributes to the gods. Passengers, driver, postilion, all were seized with the same convulsion of gaiety, from which the *Provençal*, the nurse, and the officer, only delivered themselves by rolling on the grass. During this extravagant scene, which lasted not less than five minutes, the Englishman and the ship-owner, who had been forgotten in the vehicle, unpacked themselves in the best way they could: the baronet continued *damning* the diligence, through

all the letters of the alphabet : his rival in portliness, seated on the edge of the ditch, and feeling for his handkerchief for the purpose of wiping his forehead, extracted from his pocket one of the actress's shoes.

After a peroration of some minutes on our misadventure, and a consultation with the coachman, who assured us that it would take at least four hours to set the diligence to rights, we determined to walk to Vendôme, which was but a short league distant. Our three ladies, more or less bruised in the fall, were unable to walk without some little assistance : the player, who foresaw the necessity of being encumbered with his wife, offered to go before and prepare the dinner ; the lady consoled herself for his departure by taking the arm of the Englishman, who appeared not a little elated by the preference. The interesting girl accompanied her young friend : the nurse marched with the officer : I was left in the centre with the *Provençal* ; and the fat ship-owner, leaning on his bamboo, waddled in the rear, blowing like a dervise returning from mosque.

We were not yet at the end of our troubles : we had scarcely proceeded a quarter of a league

before we were surprised by a storm, which recalled to mind the beautiful lines of the fourth Æneid, so much the more appropriately, as I observed the Englishman and his tender companion retreat into the hollow of a rock at some distance from the main road.

*Speluncam Dido, dux et Trojanus eamdem
Deveniunt : prima et Tellus, et pronuba Juno
Dant signum : fulsére ignes et conscius æther
Connubiis : summoque ulularunt vertice Nymphæ.*

The prince and queen, as love or fortune guides,
One common cavern in her bosom hides.
Then first the trembling earth the signal gave,
And flashing fires illumin'd all the cave :
Hell from below, and Juno from above,
And howling nymphs, were conscious to their love.

DRYDEN.

We arrived at Vendôme in a deplorable state. Our first care was to dry ourselves in the best manner we could by the warmth of a good fire which we ordered to be lighted. We afterwards took our places at an immense table, at which were already seated the passengers of

another diligence, on its way from Bourdeaux to Paris.

Among these, our hussar discovered a fellow-soldier, whom he had not seen for fifteen years.

Nothing could be more touching than the testimonies of friendship exchanged by these brave Brothers in arms. They interrogated each other on the fate of their friends: the same answer served for almost every question: *He is dead*. Some had perished on the banks of the Tagus; some in the frozen deserts of Russia; some in the prisons of Cadiz; some in the dungeons of Gibraltar.

While our two soldiers were talking over their feats of arms, the players conversed with the music-master of Bayonne, who had engaged the whole of the *imperial* for himself and his family, consisting of his wife, who played the dugazon in the comic opera, the *characters* in comedy, the *confidantes* in tragedy, and occasionally figured in the ballets: the mother of this very useful personage was dress-maker, and her eldest son counter-bass: and the little children were growing up for the service of Thalia and Melpomene.

This family did not dine at the *table d'hôte*, but adjourned to a neighbouring public house, whither the actress's husband insisted on accompanying them.

The other passengers by this diligence were, an attorney, who was going to Paris to follow up an appeal at the Court of Cassation, and to demand the cross of Saint Louis in consideration of having been one of the first thirty thousand who assumed the white cockade at Bourdeaux; a pretty little *grisette*, who laughed at every thing, jested with every body, and seemed to have entrusted herself to the protection of a man about fifty years of age, whose generous manners sufficiently justified her choice. This worthy character, who had a tolerable property in his own part of the country, had sent a hundred pieces to precede him at Paris, of which I should be much surprised if he carried the value back; a commercial traveller, and the widow of a soldier who was going to Ecouen, for her daughter, to whom the King, in consideration of her father's services, had granted an annuity of two hundred and fifty francs, completed the cargo; with the exception of one place vacated on the road by a

canon of Bourdeaux, who had been left behind at Angoulême, half dead of a surfeit of truffles. His fellow-travellers begged us to inquire at the *Orange of Malta* how the reverend gentleman found himself.

We sat down to table; the Englishman by the side of the lady, who played off an air of awkward embarrassment in a style that gave me a high idea of her comic talents. The first half of the time of dinner passed off very peaceably in the ordinary topics of conversation, the adventures of the journey, the beauty of the road, the purchases made at Châtellerault, or the dearness of the inns. We had just entered on the subject of politics, which it is so difficult to avoid, when the husband of our actress (who had not forewarned us of the effect which a glass too much was apt to produce on her husband) reeled in half drunk, and placed himself before the Englishman with the attitude and look of Othello. The gentle Desdemona grew pale, when her husband seized the soldier's cutlass, and exclaimed: "Hark'ye, Master Johnny Bull, there is half an hour of the journey which you must give me an account of." The Baronet, whose patience

was not exemplary, was about to reply by sending a bottle at his head : but the coachman seized the jealous husband ; and the lady knowing the foible of her spouse, and the customs of London, interposed her mediation in a quarrel of which she was the cause : the offer of ten guineas appeased the player, who, in consideration of this sum, agreed not only to desist from inquiry, but to break his engagement at Bayonne. He took up his bundle with great gaiety, gave his wife a tender embrace, and returned to his friend the musician.

Our diligence being set to rights, we took leave of the other travellers, and proceeded on the road to Tours.

We had yet passed but one night in the diligence; but the fall and the storm had fatigued us, and we longed for the moment of arriving at Tours, where a good table and a good bed awaited us. The sun, rapidly descending towards the horizon, still embellished this garden of France, as we rolled along the banks of the Loire, which seems to glide with pleasure through this smiling and fertile country. We crossed the *Quai Royal*, and alighted at the *Golden Apple*.

Tours is an historical city; and no one who travels with the intention, or, what is more common, the pretension of observation, can well refuse to devote a few minutes to its examination. We were not disposed to derogate from the custom, but, before commencing our walk, we thought it advisable to secure our lodgings. Unluckily, the Bourdeaux diligence had arrived a few minutes before us, and the best apartments were already occupied: the couriers who preceded a berlin and two post-chaises, had taken care to fix on lodgings for their masters: so that we were necessitated to content ourselves with all that remained, three double-bedded rooms: we made our arrangements with the best grace we could put on, and with all due respect to decorum. The pretty girl and the actress were to occupy one apartment; the fat man and myself, another; the young man had a temporary bed made up for him in a little closet; and the Englishman was obliged to take possession of the only remaining bed, in the same chamber with the nurse. As to the officer, nothing gave him less concern than the idea of where he

should sleep ; for twenty years he had left that trouble to Providence.

Supper was ordered at nine ; it was now six ; we had three hours to employ. The Englishman and the actress, whose mutual attention and tenderness were in a state of rapid progression, went, according to my advice, to see the port, Hugo's gate, the church of Saint Martin and its two towers, the abbey of Marmontiers, the tower of Saint Pierre le Puelin, and the archiepiscopal palace. The Sub-prefect (for we had just discovered that such was the dignity of our young companion, who travelled *incognito* to escape the ennui of etiquette) attended Miss Amelia to the theatre, to see the "*Sultan rendered criminal by Jealousy*," a title in a very different strain of pomp from that of *Zara*, which is given to the same piece at Paris. I adjourned to a coffee-house to read the newspapers ; the officer looked out for a billiard-table ; and the ship owner took the opportunity to call on the syndic of a bankrupt's estate, on which he had a claim of thirty thousand francs.

Looking over the journals of the department of *Inde-et-Loire*, I very soon perceived that they

are conducted with the same impartiality, disinterestedness, and good faith, by which those of the capital are so honourably distinguished. In one I found it most absolutely laid down, that the Loire is the natural limit of France: in another, a profound provincial philologer established the syronimy of the words *repress* and *prevent*—*surrender*, and *restore*: one gave an elaborate critique on a piece, of which the representation had been postponed: another extolled to the skies a new publication, which his brother journalist had cut to pieces: one stood forward the champion of an actress whom the public systematically hissed: another exhausted the artillery of detraction against a popular favourite: I could not but exclaim, with Signor Polichinello; “*Tutto il mondo è fatto come la nostra famiglia.*”—*All the world may be seen in our own family.*

The hour of supper approached. I returned to the inn: all was in a bustle. The berlin and the two chaises had arrived: the domestics of both sexes were multiplied for the service of the new-comers, who occupied the best apartments. The word *Duchess*, flying from mouth to mouth,

while it made me acquainted with the quality, left me not long in ignorance of the name of the illustrious traveller, who was returning from her estate, accompanied by an elderly female companion, two children, and their preceptor. Of the two post-chaises which followed the berlin, one was appropriated to the Duchess's women, the other was that of a very young and very handsome man, whom, by his mustachios, and a scar on his forehead, I recognised to be a soldier. One of the Duchess's women, talking aloud with the hostess, enabled me to collect, that the Colonel was the friend, and indeed in some degree the relation, of the Duchess; that they had met by pure accident at the first stage, and were continuing their route together.

While their supper was preparing, the lady and her friend the Colonel walked together in the garden, whither I followed them; and observed her, with that mixture of curiosity and interest, which a pretty woman always excites, especially on a journey. The first bloom of youth had given place to a degree of paleness, but its absence was indescribably compensated by the expression of tender melancholy in her countenance. She

was above all remarkable by the elegance of her figure, the grace of her motions, and the touching sound of her voice : but that of the clock called me from the contemplative pleasure to which I was yielding, and I entered the supper-room, where all the guests, to the number of twenty, were already assembled.

The ship-owner came to me rubbing his hands, and informed me, that, thanks to the integrity of a son, who had imposed on himself the noble obligation of paying his father's debts, who had died insolvent fifteen years before, he had recovered thirty thousand francs which he had given up for lost. A man in black, who had been the first to sit down to table, found in this action the text of a moral dissertation, and demonstrated to us, while he cut up a fowl, of which he kept the two wings for himself, that the truly good man always forgets himself, and lives only for others. His neighbour, whom I heard some one call *Monsieur l'Inspecteur*, after cautiously looking round the table before he would venture to hazard so bold a proposition, told us, in the form of an apophthegm, that *the happiness of nations consists in the sweets of peace.*

A commercial traveller, near me, maliciously reminded him, that ten months before, at the same inn, in the same place, he had heard him maintain, that *military glory alone could secure the felicity of nations*. The Inspector did not trouble himself to reconcile these contradictions, but contented himself with saying, as he tossed off a bumper of wine; *Times are altered*. Our Sub-prefect (who had not remarked a correspondence of sly looks, between Miss Amelia, who sat next to him, and a man of about forty years of age, at the other end of the table, who seemed to have some authority over her)—our Sub-prefect, I say, finding the conversation flag, gave it a new turn by talking of the antiquity of the city of Tours—of some anecdotes relative to its origin—of the opinions of Nicholas Grille, and M. de Valois, as to the etymology of its Latin name. I should, like the rest, have been the dupe of his apparent erudition, if I had not seen that morning, in one of the pockets of the diligence, the work of Piganiol de la Force, from which he had borrowed it.

The ship-owner did not eat: I took notice of his abstinence; and he frankly confessed to me,

that he was waiting for a magnificent pike and a quarter of venison, which he had seen in the kitchen : he waited in vain : these two delicate morsels were for the *berlin*. He comforted himself, however, with the hope of a hare on the spit, which he had basted with his own hands ; or at least of a *paté de Barbezieux*, on which he had complimented the landlady ; but all was for the *cursed berlin* ; and he was compelled at last to return to the leg of mutton and vegetables, which had not yet entirely vanished from the table.

The supper was shortened by the recollection that we were to set forward again the next morning at four ; accordingly, each taking a candle, we retired to our respective apartments, with the exception of the lieutenant of hussars, who was drowning care in a bowl of punch with the Englishman, whom a bottle of champagne had put into the best of all possible humours. Nothing was heard in the gallery but—“ *Chambermaid !* “ *which is my bed ?* ”—“ *Chambermaid ! I have* “ *neither water nor towel.* ”—“ *Bring tea to-* “ *morrow morning to No. 15.* ”—“ *Coffee to* “ *No. 7.* ”—At length all are quiet : the doors

are closed; and in a few minutes every one will be asleep, or will be supposed to be so.

The chamber, which I participated with the ship-owner, was nearly in the middle of a gallery which contained twelve. Taking my survey previously to lying down, I observed at the foot of my bed a door concealed by the tapestry, as in all the tales of banditti. This door opened into a hall, wherein was a little staircase, communicating between the upper story, on which was the chamber of the handsome Colonel, and the lower story, on which was that of the Duchess. I had closed the inner bolt of the door of this private staircase, but, after a minute's reflection, I rose again and withdrew it.

I had been in bed about an hour; all was quiet in the inn, and I was beginning to fall asleep, when I was awakened by the noise of the door under the tapestry, which was opened with great caution. Suspecting some mistake, I said, without moving, and in a low tone, for fear of disturbing my *chum*: "*You are wrong: it is either above or below.*" The door closed again immediately, without a word of reply, and I thought I heard the sound of descending steps.

Another half hour had not elapsed, when a new noise at the door again awoke me. I listened, and heard a tiny voice pronounce the name of Philip: this Philip was the valet of the young Colonel above. I was silent: the speaker entered; but, to my infinite vexation, advanced towards the bed of my fat companion, who presently jumped up, roaring, "*Thieves!*" It was in vain that I laughingly assured him neither himself nor his money was the object in request: he continued sitting bolt upright, bellowing like a bull, without regard to the timid supplication of a voice which ought to have dispelled his apprehensions, and persisted in retaining the little hand which vainly endeavoured to withdraw itself from his. At length two or three grooms appeared with their lanterns to throw a light on the mystery of the scene, and convince him of a misprision, of which he might, perhaps, have rendered the result more advantageous to himself.

In the first moment of confusion all the chamber-doors were thrown open, and their respective tenants made a precipitate appearance. Some among them, perhaps, had cause to repent of

having too hastily and unreflectingly yielded to the first impulse of fear and curiosity.

The soubrette had disappeared. It was thought proper to keep within the limits of conjecture, as to the cause of an event, in which the fat ship-owner alone discovered no cause of malicious mirth. His night-toilet became the object of risible examination; every one of the spectators furnishing his quota of ridicule or scandal, till they again retired to devote to repose the short remainder of a night already far advanced.

The clock struck four. The drivers of the two diligences made the tour of the galleries, to awake their respective passengers. In a few minutes all were on the alert: we reassembled, for the last time, in the parlour to breakfast; where we found our officer fast asleep in the midst of bottles and glasses. The bill was brought and paid, after some little dispute: we reascended the vehicle; and the remainder of our journey not having given rise to any new observation, or any other event of importance, I shall content myself with saying, that we arrived without any accident at Bourdeaux, where our ship-owner loaded a vessel for the West Indies, in which

the Englishman intended to take his passage with the actress, who has contracted with him an engagement more advantageous, and not less comic, than that which she had intended to fulfil at Bayonne.

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No. XXI.—November 5, 1814.  
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THE HOURS OF PARIS.

“ Rien ne sert de courir : il faut partir à point.”

LA FONTAINE.

To run avails but little : start in time.

AMPHICTYON built a temple at Athens in honour of the Hours, where those citizens who knew the value of time and opportunity, were in the habit of offering sacrifices. If such a temple existed in Paris, I would advise the provincials to offer their devotions there on arriving in the capital : for there is no part of the earth in which it is more necessary to render the hours propitious.

I am not one of those exclusive Parisians who can see nothing good or beautiful beyond the circumference of their own barriers. Every province of France appears to me to have its share

of wit, wisdom, amiability, and cheerfulness ; indeed, that national character, of which the Parisians consider themselves the type, and of which, properly speaking, they are only the mirror, consists of a happy mixture of the frank vivacity of the Bretons, the fidelity of the Picards, the ingenuity of the Normans, and the sprightly originality of the Gascons. What the provincials most want is *urbanity* (taking this word in its etymological sense), a sort of politeness, or rather delicacy of mind, manners, and language, which prescribes the tone to be assumed, the seat to be occupied, the expression to be chosen, in all places and societies. This art of social proprieties, which extends to the most minute details of life, and of which the professors and the models become every day more rare, is only to be acquired, or at least only to be brought to perfection, at Paris ; and supposes a process of study and attention, so much the more unremitting and systematical, as the same custom undergoes twenty modifications in passing from one quarter of the city to the other.

The absence of this species of instruction is a continual source of contrariety and disappoint-

ment, as one of my relations unhappily experienced during his stay in the capital, where, through the space of a month, notwithstanding the most unprecedented activity, his object was not only always out of reach, but even out of view.

The Baron d'Apréville is a worthy gentleman of Bigorre, whose life may be divided into two great epochs: the eighteen years which he passed in garrison at Metz, and the time of the revolution, which he had the good fortune of being able to employ in killing the rabbits and hares of the woods round his little chateau. He had never known a greater general than the fat major of his regiment, nor a greater man than the intendant of his province, with whom he dined regularly every Sunday, when he went on a furlough to Tarbes.

Cousin d'Apréville arrived in Paris with an enormous trunk, so filled with statements of services, genealogical tables, certificates of inspection, and letters of recommendation (which he had deemed it expedient to bring with him for the purpose of facilitating an application he intended to make to the court), that there was

scarcely room for an old uniform of royal dragoons, in tolerably good preservation, and a quantity of linen, rigorously calculated for a stay of three weeks. I had intended to invite him to take up his abode with me ; but he saved me the trouble of making the proposition, by taking possession of his own accord. At ten o'clock in the morning after his arrival, he sallied forth in full uniform, as if for a field-day, to deliver in person his letters of recommendation, from which the most solid advantage usually resulting at Paris, is an invitation to dinner. He returned fasting at seven in the evening, with a list of dinner-invitations for every day of the succeeding month. We were just rising from table when he entered : he was, therefore, obliged to content himself with the little impromptu repast which we caused to be served up to him. While he was despatching it with an appetite that did honour to sixty-four, he told us that he intended to begin the following day by visiting the Thuilleries and attending the royal mass.

The Baron went to bed early, rose early, and presented himself at the Thuilleries before the

gates were opened. He was surprised to find a public walk shut at Paris, when the Esplanade of Tarbes was always open. After making the tour of them all, he entered by that of the *Pont Tournant*, walked a long time, sat down to read the papers, and, hearing the clock strike ten, returned to the castle, where he was informed that mass would not be celebrated till noon.

He considered that two hours would be easily passed in a place which offers so much aliment to curiosity. He walked under the vestibule—saluted the generals as they ascended the grand staircase—received the salutations of all the sentinels, and inquired of every soldier he met for news of Major de Meillonas of the royal dragoons, the finest regiment in France.

It was near noon, and the crowd was beginning to assemble on the terrace, when the Baron heard the drum beat for changing guard at the *Pont Tournant*. Seized with military enthusiasm, curious to see the method of changing guard at a royal palace, and judging from his watch that he had sufficient time to spare; he set off at full speed, holding in one hand his sword, which, while it remained pendent, made

rather too free with his calves. Having run through two thirds of the grand avenue, he had the satisfaction to see on one side that the guard was relieved, and to hear, on the other, the shouts of *Vive le Roi !* from the spectators on the terrace, which announced to him the presence of the King. Perceiving that his utmost exertions would not enable him to arrive in time, he thought of comparing his watch with the palace-clock, and discovered that it was half an hour too slow ; he accordingly set it, with a considerable elongation of visage, resolving that another day he would take care to be in time.

Passing before a coffee-house in the Palais Royal, D'Apreville recollected that he had not breakfasted : he entered ; scalded his mouth by the furious haste with which he swallowed a cup of chocolate, and ran to the Minister's audience. It was over. " But, Sir," said he to the door-keeper, " how is that possible ? the audiences " of M. de Rocheporn, the intendant of our " province, were always from twelve to two ; " and no man in this kingdom knew the customs " of the court better, or followed them more " exactly."—" That may be all very true, Sir ;

“but it is not less true that those of Monseigneur
“are at nine in the morning : it is a custom he
“has long observed, and he has taken care to
“make the public acquainted with it.”—“I
“was not acquainted with it.”—“Now, how-
“ever, you are : it is but to know the practice,
“and come in time.”

Returning from the Minister's, the Baron stopped on the Pont des Arts, to admire the magnificent picture before him. As he traversed the Place of the Louvre, a great number of persons were issuing from the Museum : he immediately drew a very logical conclusion, that they had previously walked in, and presented himself at the gate, with the intention of doing the same ; but a Swiss in the King's livery informed him that the hour was past, and he could not be admitted. The Baron disputed the point, grew hot, insisted on seeing the principal manager, lost a great deal of time, and would not give up his object till he recollected that he was engaged to dine in the *Rue Taranne*, with the Marchioness dowager of Brémont. Without losing a moment, away he flew—repassed the Pont des Arts—arrived at the hotel : they were serving

the coffee. The Marchioness scolded him for not having come to dinner. "But, *Madame la Marquise*, it is customary to dine so late at Paris."—"Not at my house, Baron: I have preserved my habits; the old fashion is the best: it will revive." D'Aprville put a good face on the matter, excused himself for having forgotten the Marchioness's invitation, and assured her he had taken an early dinner, in a snug way, at home. To obviate any doubt on this point, he felt himself obliged to stay a part of the evening: after which he transferred himself to the restaurateur's, and sat down with a very keen appetite to a very bad dinner, served with a very ill grace by the waiters, who were angry with him for interrupting theirs. He had laid out his evening for the Theatre Français: he arrived at the end of the third act of the tragedy he desired to see; he lost the other two in disputing with the check-takers to have his money returned, and in endeavouring to prove to them that the representations ought to begin in Paris, as in the country, with the farce: with which he was obliged to content himself.

On the following day he was engaged to dine.

with M. Dormer, the banker, in the *Rue de Mont Blanc*, and determined not to miss the hour. But amongst other provincial peculiarities, the Baron has that of thinking his self-love interested in never asking questions, through fear of betraying ignorance on the subject of inquiry. He knew that the dinner-hour was late in the *Chaussée d'Antin*: but he made no doubt of its being the fashion, as formerly, to arrive a full hour before sitting down to table. At four o'clock he was at M. Dormer's door. He inquired for *Madame*: the porter informed him she was just gone out in her carriage. "Gone out!—whither?"—"To St. Gratien, in the valley of Montmorency, four leagues from Paris."—"The devil!—and Monsieur?"—"He went early this morning to Versailles; but if you have business at the bank....."—"No, it is not at the bank," said the Baron, peevishly, pulling the door after him, and departing with a perfect conviction that the master and mistress of that house had forgotten the invitation they had given him. He was, therefore, under the necessity of taking a second dinner at the restaurateur's.

He had heard much of the popularity of *Joconde*: he had heard that it attracted crowds; but no crowd impeded his entrance, and he walked in without observing a slip of paper pasted over the bill, which announced a change of entertainments. He went to see a piece with which he was unacquainted, and was treated with the *Deserter* and *False Magic*, which he saw for the hundredth time.

In his way out, he met a friend of M. Dormer, who told him he had been expected at dinner, and who had the greatest difficulty imaginable to make him understand that it is very possible to go out for an airing at three, and yet be back at six to do the honours of the house.

The poor Baron, whom all these crosses had thrown into despair, and who cursed with all his soul such a diversity of customs and manners, still chose rather to trust his own experience than to procure information which might have been so easily obtained. Consulting his memoranda the next day, he found himself engaged to dine with his relation M. D'Arboise, who had formerly been counsellor to the parliament, and had now retired to his hereditary

house in the *Rue de Braque*, at the *Marais*. He repaired thither at five precisely, fortified, this time, against every species of disappointment. He found the company assembled in the drawing-room, and disposed at different card-tables. A fourth was wanting for a party of whist, and, without giving him time to pay his respects to the master of the house, the cards were put into his hands. This custom of playing before dinner appeared to him rather absurd: but he had made up his mind to be no longer surprised at any thing. He had been playing more than an hour, and began to think it strange that dinner was not announced, when M. D'Arboise, who had finished his game, earnestly approached him, and said: "Do not excuse yourself: I did not
" much reckon on your company: our hour
" is not that of every one."—"To be sure it
" is somewhat late."—"Nay, surely not:
" even in this part of the town there are se-
" veral families that do not sit down to table
" sooner: but my uncle lives with us: for
" eighty years he has been accustomed to dine
" at *two*, and as long as we have the happiness

“ to preserve him, we shall conform to his habits.”

“ It is too much,” said the Baron, dropping his cards; “ all Paris has conspired to starve me to death !” The company laughed. M. D’Arboise questioned him. “ The fact is,” replied the Baron, “ I have not dined to-day, because I am too late : I did not dine yesterday, because I was too soon : and all because every one lives in his own way in this infernal city. One goes to bed, when the other gets up ; there is no order, no regulation, no knowing whom to speak to, or what is to be done.” After this exclamation, which much amused the company, M. D’Arboise proposed that something should be brought in for him, but he obstinately refused, and having finished the last rubber, and lost all the money he had in his pocket, he was under the necessity of returning to us, and revenging the cause of his irritated appetite, by relating the tribulations of that and the preceding day. He encountered many other vexations during his stay at Paris, which I propose to make the subject of a future number.

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No. XXII.—November 19, 1814.  
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THE TWO BROTHERS ;

OR,

WHICH HAS BEEN MOST PRUDENT ?

"Vocat labor ultimus omnes."—VIRG.

The crisis of the danger calls on all.

THE French revolution changed the aspect of Europe. It did more, perhaps : it perverted the national character. The most gay, generous, careless people on the face of the earth, became, for a time, the most gloomy, vindictive, and suspicious. The bonds of union between countrymen and fellow-citizens, even the ties of consanguinity, were suddenly and violently broken : discordancy of opinion, change of principles on the one hand, inflexible adherence on the other ; difference of party, adoption of opposite means, calculating selfishness, devotion to things or

persons; such were the causes of the sudden change which took place at that epoch in the French character.

It is easy to conceive the cruel results of these seeds of hatred and discord, in the midst of the revolutionary hurricane that swept the bosom of France; but it is difficult to comprehend, that twenty-five years of convulsion have not sufficed to eradicate them, and that they still manifest themselves in many minds, and always by the same indications. I see with indignation, that every possible method is put in practice to awaken and keep alive on both sides the mutual recollections of folly and injustice, to revive the denominations of party, and the rallying cries of faction.

The sentiment of our national glory, the love of our prince, now become inseparable from respect to the laws; such are the points round which we ought to re-unite, and collect our scattered remains: yet I still hear the same clamour as formerly, about *Royalists*, *Emigrants*, and *Jacobins*; and traces which ought to be effaced at any price, are deepened with dangerous complacency. More than fifteen years after the de-

struction of the League, Henry IV. well knew that there were *Leaguers* in his court, but he took care not to remark them; he would not even seek to know them; and when he appeared in the Louvre between Mayenne and Crillon, it might have seemed that he was under equal obligations to both.

It is distressing to observe the kinds of labour to which some persons condemn or devote themselves. These professors in livery employ themselves with a perseverance to which it will at last be necessary to give another name, in endeavouring to revive among the French that spirit of party which was beginning to expire. One of them lately made me a present of a work executed with this laudable design. The author has taken considerable pains in drawing up a synopsis, in which all the citizens are divided, first, into two great classes, under the generic names of *Emigrants* and *Patriots*: the former are subdivided into *pure and simple Emigrants*, *Emigrants of 89*, *Emigrants of the army of the Princes*, *late Emigrants*, *suspected Emigrants*. The other form two very distinct species, the *Royalists* and the *Revolutionists*; from whence branch off on one

side, the *Aristocrats*, the *Vendéans*, the *Monarchists*, the *Modérés*, &c. ; on the other, the *Republicans*, the *Jacobins*, the *Feuillans*, the *Girondins*, the *Montagnards*, and, finally, the *Terrorists*. I asked him, what could be the possible utility of his extraordinary genealogical tree : “ It is an instrument,” said he, “ of artificial memory, which I have invented to preserve from oblivion all the faults, follies, errors, and crimes committed during the revolution.”—“ On all those points,” said I, “ I shall say to you, in the words of Themistocles to his professor of mnemonics : ‘ We should be much more obliged to you for teaching us to forget, than for teaching us to remember *.’ ”

All parties have been in the wrong : all stand more or less in need of pardon or indulgence. Some individuals have followed the path of their duty ; but even these are not exempt from the reproach of admitting no principles but those on

* *Gratius sibi illum esse facturum, si se oblivisci quam si meminisse docuisset.*—CICERO.

which they have acted, and approving no line of conduct but that which they have pursued.

Two brothers, with whom I was intimate in my youth, met recently at my house, after a separation of twenty-four years. The first interview was most affecting: absence seemed to have drawn closer the ties of consanguinity, and the sweetness of their re-union was proportioned to the cruelty of their separation. Eight days sufficed to exhaust these tender sentiments. To the testimonies of their friendship succeeded the recital of their misfortunes, the examination of their mutual conduct, the clash of their pretensions: one had emigrated, the other had not quitted France: thence, disobliging reflections, warm disputes, reproaches, and animosity, which might with little difficulty have been converted to hatred.

The two brothers appealed to me to decide their difference. Both related their adventures, and required me to decide, *which had been most prudent*. Before I communicate my decision, I shall allow each to state his case.

Charles and Augustus (I shall designate them only by their Christian names) were descended

from a noble family of Bretagne: the eldest served in the navy, and the youngest had just purchased a company of cavalry at the period when the *oath of the Tennis-court* gave the signal of the revolution.

Augustus, the youngest, began: “ On the
“ first indication of the storm that gathered over
“ the throne, foreseeing the whole train of sub-
“ sequent calamities, I did not wait for the *dis-*
“ *taff* which the women, true judges of honour,
“ sent to all the gentlemen who delayed leaving
“ France, but departed immediately with some
“ other officers of my regiment, and proceeded
“ to join those noble defenders of the monarchy,
“ those French chevaliers, who had rallied round
“ the white flag, which now waved only at Co-
“ blentz.

“ What enthusiasm reigned among the emi-
“ grants! Doubtless, if they could have gone
“ at once into the field, the most prompt suc-
“ cess would have crowned their efforts; but in-
“ terminable delays chilled their zeal: private
“ pretensions insulated individuals from the ge-
“ neral interest: the organization of the army
“ was completed under the most unfavourable

“auspices ; and in a cause which demanded the
“most absolute sacrifices, the majority listened
“only to the dictates of personal ambition.

“I hastened to enrol myself at Worms, un-
“der the banners of the Prince of Condé. The
“campaign of 1792 was but a retreat ; that of
“1793 was fortunate and brilliant. I was pre-
“sent at the encounter of the Forest of Bewal ;
“at the taking of the lines of Weissem-
“bourg, and at the battle of Berthheim. I was
“intrusted with a mission to General Pichegru.
“I shall pass over the circumstances and per-
“sons that caused the failure of that important
“negotiation, in which I very nearly lost my
“life.

“Too well convinced of the obstacles which
“foreign policy opposed to the progress of our
“arms on the banks of the Rhine, I quitted
“the army of the Princes, and repaired to Lon-
“don ; where, two years after, I solicited the
“dangerous honour of landing at Quiberon.
“You know the cruel results of an expedition
“in which perished the flower of the French
“nobility, and the precious remains of that

“ navy, of which England could appreciate the
“ loss better than ourselves.

“ I escaped by miracle from the horrors of
“ that day, to beg an asylum among the rocks
“ of Switzerland; where, during the space of
“ twelve months, I participated the innumerable
“ humiliations which my fellow-soldiers experi-
“ enced in that inhospitable territory.

“ Proscribed from all the countries in alliance
“ with the republic, we dragged from land to
“ land a miserable life, which we had no longer
“ the hope of losing in the service of our king.

“ Napoleon seized the sovereign power, and
“ revoked the sentence of death which had been
“ passed against the emigrants. I was in the
“ small number of those who refused his in-
“ solent pardon, and disdained to rush into his
“ antichamber, which he *opened*, as he said, to
“ *our ambition*.

“ I lived retired in Russia, till the dawn of
“ the happy day which now illumines France.
“ I persist in thinking, that I have fulfilled, in
“ their full extent, the duties of a Frenchman
“ and a gentleman; and that, if there be any
“ reward for loyalty, courage, and self-devotion,

“ I am, above all others, entitled to pretend to
“ it.”

It was now the turn of Charles, who spoke in a calmer tone.

“ I must begin by confessing, that I am not
“ gifted, like my brother, with the spirit of
“ prophecy, and that I had not, like him, sufficient sagacity to foresee improbable calamities. Far from being alarmed at the idea
“ of the political changes which were preparing, and which the King himself thought necessary, they had my fervent wishes for their
“ successful accomplishment. My father was
“ called to the assembly of the States General,
“ and I attended him, full of enthusiasm and
“ hope.

“ I was soon and painfully undeceived: I saw
“ that all the passions of men (not even excepting that of zeal for the public good) were
“ preparing a terrible struggle, of which the
“ infallible result would be, either anarchy or
“ despotism. I heard with terror the sound of
“ the word *equality*, recollecting, with Bacon,
“ that in the moral, as in the physical order of

“ things, the most tremendous tempests break
“ forth at the time of the equinox.

“ After the transactions of the fifth and sixth
“ of October, in which I stood forward among
“ the most zealous defenders of the throne, my
“ father retired from the Assembly, and my
“ brother more earnestly pressed me to join
“ him. I answered, that the King had more
“ need than ever of being surrounded with
“ faithful subjects; that services abroad could,
“ at best, be productive only of tardy success;
“ that means more direct, and sacrifices more
“ immediate, were necessary to save the prince
“ and the state, inseparable in my affection.

“ Faithful to the united influence of feeling
“ and duty, I repaired to the post they assigned
“ me on the days of the 20th of June and the
“ 10th of August. I was taken by the Mar-
“ seillois, conducted to the commune, and from
“ thence transferred to La Force. On the dread-
“ ful 2d of September I was already under the
“ fatal wicket, when Maillard, one of the hang-
“ men-judges who presided over the massacres,
“ recollected, on hearing my name, that his
“ father had been indebted to the patronage of

“ mine for a domestic’s place in a royal house :
“ the assassin piqued himself on his gratitude,
“ and I was set at liberty.

“ The events which had happened at Paris
“ during my detention, having put it out of my
“ power to serve the King in any other way, I
“ was sufficiently daring to take up the pen in
“ his favour. I was denounced and pursued
“ anew. I sought an asylum in our armies,
“ which Dumourier was leading to victory. The
“ news of the deplorable catastrophe of the 21st
“ of January was there received with painful
“ indignation. I loudly manifested mine. One
“ of those ferocious beasts, those odious pro-
“ consuls, who carried terror and death into the
“ department du Quesnoy, gave orders for my
“ arrest, and for my imprisonment at Amiens,
“ with Generals Chancel and O’Moran. I
“ passed through Arras under a strong guard,
“ at the moment when one of my comrades,
“ the young and brave d’Aboville, mounted the
“ scaffold. ‘ *I am here !* ’ he called to me : ‘ *I*
“ *shall soon be there !* ’ I replied.—It could not
“ have been otherwise without a miracle. But
“ the miracle happened. I escaped from my

“ prison, and succeeded in reaching Lyons,
“ where M. de Précy intrusted to me the com-
“ mand of a small body of troops.

“ The city was taken ; and every one sought
“ safety in flight. I wandered several months
“ among the mountains : I traversed, under
“ twenty disguises, Dauphiny, Languedoc, and
“ Guienne. At Montpellier I learned that my
“ father had perished on the revolutionary scaf-
“ fold, convicted of the crime of having an
“ emigrant son. His property was confiscated :
“ mine, which consisted in a great measure of
“ national annuities, of which I had conse-
“ quently lost two thirds, and from which I
“ had regularly sent supplies to my brother,
“ was put under sequestration. Not knowing
“ where to look for succour—destitute of the
“ means of existence—having only the alterna-
“ tive of emigration and La Vendée, I had de-
“ termined on the latter, when the death of
“ Robespierre suspended the progress of murder,
“ and permitted me again to approach Paris,
“ where I hoped to find some resources. I had
“ the good fortune, in passing through Orleans,
“ to be able to unite my voice to those of some

“inhabitants of that city, who solicited the
“liberation of *Madame Royale*.

“I re-entered the service; and being con-
“vinced that the glory of our arms was the only
“remaining solace of our irremediable cala-
“mities—the only veil the French could cast
“over crimes that were not their own. (for I
“shall not cease to repeat, with Seneca, ‘*Let*
“*not all be blamed for the crimes of a few*’*)—
“I have shared the toils of our brave soldiers—
“I have exulted in their victories; and the re-
“storation, by putting an end to the most in-
“tolerable despotism, by replacing the sceptre
“in the hands of the descendant of Henry IV.
“and by securing to the nation the benefit of a
“constitutional charter, which alike guarantees
“the safety of the state and the power of the
“King, could alone have consoled me for the
“sight of vanquished France, forced to re-
“nounce her conquests, and accept a peace
“which she ought to have commanded.”

Having heard both parties, I proposed this
question to each of them: “Instructed as you
“now are, by experience, what line of conduct

* *Cur omnium sit culpa paucorum scelus?*

“would you adopt if similar circumstances should unhappily recur?”—“I would not emigrate,” said Augustus. “I should do as I have done,” said Charles. “I conclude, then,” I resumed, “that you have both acted with equal honour; but, at the same time, I am of opinion, that the most prudent line of conduct is that which leaves no cause for regret in the minds of those who have pursued it.” Augustus did not appeal against my decision: he tenderly embraced his brother, and both promised me to think no more of the past, but as a source of instruction for the future.

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No. XXIII.—November 26, 1814.  
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THE TWO COUSINS :

OR,

WHICH HAS BEEN MOST GUILTY ?

—————

*“Seditione, dolis, scelere, atque libidine, et irâ
“Iliacos intrâ muros peccatur et extrâ.”—Hö:*

Revenge, sedition, lust, and fraud,
Both lurk within and prowls abroad.

—————

THERE are some fish that delight only in muddy water, and some men who can only live in trouble and confusion. Such persons issue from a revolution like Neptune from a stormy sea at the Opera; the united fury of the winds and waves not having even discomposed a single curl of his periwig. True revolutionary Proteusses, I have seen them pass by turns from the cabinet to the club, from the tribune to the antichamber. I have seen them assume, ac-

according to the times, the frock or the full dress, the red cap or the blue riband. Reformers in the assembly of the Notables, constitutionals in the States General, republicans in the Convention, speculators under the Directory, abject slaves under Bonaparte—they now make the echoes ring with the purity of their royalism. I know others less supple, less ductile in appearance, who have speculated on their sacrifices, with so much the more confidence, from having had, in reality, nothing to lose. Having escaped, by emigration, from the pursuit of their creditors, they found on the other side of the Rhine the titles they had dreamed of in France; they lamented the loss of property they had never possessed, and proudly associated their imaginary calamities with the most real and most illustrious misfortunes. After having claimed a right of recovery on the fragments of this mighty wreck—after having begged the means of subsistence from foreigners, or levied contributions on the compassion of their countrymen—after having made their submission, and their borrowed names, articles of traffic with the last government, which was dupe enough to set a value on such trifles—

they now talk of nothing but their sacrifices to the royal cause, and impudently placing themselves among the number of those noble and faithful adherents of the King, whose dangers and honourable adversity they never participated, they stand forward for all employments, solicit all favours, claim all rewards, and loudly protest against the bread given to so many brave men, who have been an honour to their country. Murmurs alone, and cries of vengeance, issue from the mouths of these men, who are themselves so much in need of pardon. Is it not time to put them to silence, and to show that there has been among some of them an emulation of error, folly, and meanness, which leaves undetermined the question that forms the title of this article: *Which has been most guilty?*

I dined a few days since with my friend Cle-nord, one of the guests of my little weekly suppers. He entertains for men in general a degree of contempt, which is only explained to me by the frequent occasions the great employments he has held have given him, of examining them closely, and observing them in detail. He related

to us, during dinner, with that bitter laughter which usually accompanies his reflections, an occurrence not very likely to effect a change in his opinion. I shall let him speak for himself.

“ The death of a man of a very superior mind,
“ unblemished integrity, and uncommon firm-
“ ness of character, has left vacant an important
“ place in that branch of administration over
“ which I preside. It will not be easy to supply
“ his loss. Among the crowd of candidates
“ by which I am besieged on this occasion, and
“ amongst whom I find it so much the more
“ difficult to make an election, from having de-
“ termined not to take pretensions for rights,
“ and assertions for proofs, I have distinguished,
“ as offensive objects are usually distinguished,
“ two cousins towards whom I should yet have
“ felt only that instinctive repugnance which
“ I sometimes obey, if each of them, actuated
“ by the same feeling and the same interest,
“ had not hastened to give me some informa-
“ tion respecting the other, which will be the
“ more profitable to me from not being so to
“ them. I have now about me the notes
“ which they addressed to me, both on the

“ same day, and nearly at the same hour. As
“ it is their intention to make them public, I
“ shall commit no indiscretion in reading them
“ to you.

*‘ Important Communications, addressed to the
Count de C——.*

‘ The family relationship which unhappily
‘ subsists between me and M. Francis N——,
‘ has enabled me to obtain the knowledge of
‘ some facts respecting him, which I think it
‘ my duty to communicate to the upright ma-
‘ gistrate on whose piety he seeks to impose.

‘ N—— succeeded his father in the office of
‘ door-keeper at the Châtelet, which he was
‘ obliged to sell on account of misconduct.

‘ In 1788 he contrived, I know not how, to get
‘ himself nominated to the assembly of the No-
‘ tables, having purchased the office of mayor
‘ in a remote part of the country, though he
‘ never paid more than the register’s fee.

‘ M. de Brienne, who was understood to pur-
‘ chase votes in that assembly, did not conde-
‘ scend to bargain for his; he therefore sided
‘ against the court.

‘ His declamations and pamphlets in favour of
‘ the Tiers not having accomplished his object of
‘ becoming a member of the Constituent Assem-
‘ bly, he became a broker of intrigue—an agent
‘ of sedition; his house was the rendezvous of
‘ popular commotion; he obtained a consider-
‘ able allowance to keep open-house in his *fau-*
‘ *bourg*; and received the honourable denomi-
‘ nation of the Amphytrion of the rabble.

‘ He was president of the first club; and the
‘ country is indebted to him for the ingenious in-
‘ stitution of the Knitters, at the head of which
‘ he placed the celebrated *Théroigne de Mericourt*.

‘ In 1793 he procured a passport of removal
‘ beyond the law, to visit the emigrants of *Co-*
‘ *blentz*, whom the Committee of Public Safety
‘ had assigned to his special superintendence.

‘ Denounced as an accomplice of *Bazire* and
‘ *Chabot*, he saved himself by accepting from
‘ *Robespierre* a secret mission, the object of
‘ which I was never able to ascertain.

‘ On the 9th of Thermidor he escaped from
‘ imminent peril by delivering up to Courtois the
‘ papers of his infamous patron.

‘ On the 13th of Vendemiaire he was charged
‘ with the organization of that terrible phalanx
‘ composed of the destroyers of Lyons, the incendiaries of La Vendée, the robbers of Marseilles, and the drowners of Nantes.

‘ Under the Directory he opened an office in
‘ which all the bargains were managed, all the
‘ grants awarded, and all the depredations
‘ organized, which signalized that disgraceful
‘ epoch.

‘ A commission was appointed to examine his
‘ accounts, and he was on the point of holding
‘ his office in a galley, when the 18th Fructidor
‘ set him afloat again, and he obtained an important appointment.

‘ I was arrested about this time, in coming out
‘ of a house, the mistress of which was supposed to have connexions of more than one
‘ kind with N——: he sold me my liberty for
‘ two thousand Louis-d’ors, and at the same
‘ time signed another order for my re-imprisonment in twenty-four hours: but I did not
‘ wait so long to put myself out of his reach.

‘ It was the destiny of this man always to find
‘ safety in the storms of a revolution. That of
‘ the 18th Brumaire came in the very crisis of

‘ time to stop the effect of a decree of the Directory for bringing him to trial.

‘ Our republican of 1793, having become, under the imperial government, the most active agent of tyranny, carried off the prize of base and abject adulation, which, considering the competition, was certainly not an easy matter.

‘ Gifted with an extraordinary talent for digesting the ideas of others, he proved in 1812, in a pamphlet not destitute of a certain kind of eloquence, that the campaign of Russia was, next to the war of Spain, the most splendid conception of the human mind. In February 1814 he demonstrated equally well; that the invasion of France was the most fortunate of possible events, and that this land of fire could not fail to consume the enemies who had dared to cover her soil.

‘ The events of the 31st of March, of which he was the first informed in the department to which he had been sent on a mission from the Emperor, operated a sudden revolution in his principles and ideas. He was no sooner acquainted with the fall of Napoleon, than he hoisted the white cockade at the three corners

‘ of his hat, and covered the imperial placards he
‘ had issued the preceding evening, with printed
‘ protestations of his inviolable devotion to the
‘ august family of the Bourbons.

‘ From that day, he has constantly besieged all
‘ the cabinets—all the antichambers; and I am
‘ credibly assured that he even attends mass.’

The whole company exclaimed against the detestable chameleon whose history they had just heard; and one of the party called him the last of men. “The last of men is easily said,” replied the Count, taking another paper from his pocket: “I am of the opinion of Chamfort—that
“ no one ought to be discouraged: let us now
“ listen to the accused party, and see what he
“ has to say on the subject of his biographer.
“ This is his letter to me.

‘ *To the Count de Glenord, &c.*

‘ My Lord Count, you appeared to be ignorant
‘ of the motive of the surprise I testified yesterday,
‘ on seeing my cousin with you. It is painful
‘ to me to reveal it; but there are some duties too
‘ imperious to admit of hesitation, and some men

‘ whom it is necessary to expose : Robert N——
‘ is of this number.

‘ Being the son of a secretary of the King, he
‘ had purchased some petty office in the house of
‘ a Prince : less would have sufficed to constitute him a gentleman in his own opinion :
‘ accordingly, he lost no time in emigrating,
‘ leaving behind him, as a security to his creditors for sixty or eighty thousand francs, his
‘ wife, and four young children.

‘ He possesses exactly that species of talent
‘ which is requisite to make a sensation in a
‘ coffee-room : he distinguished himself in those
‘ of Coblenz by his jargon, and his éhivalrous
‘ rhodomontades.

‘ By the affectation of excessive zeal he obtained
‘ the honour of approaching M. de Broglie.
‘ When the army was organized, he converted
‘ his credit into an article of traffic, though it did
‘ not extend beyond the registry of suits, and the
‘ drawing up of statements : he sold the hope of
‘ appointments, and was dismissed for proceedings
‘ to which it is not for me to affix an appellation.

‘ His conduct in the army of Condé, where
‘ he served some months under the staff, did not

‘ give the most favourable idea of his courage.
‘ The only brilliant action related of him is that
‘ sublime impulse which led him to leap on the
‘ stage at Tournai, to join the defenders of Ri-
‘ chard Cœur de Lion, who were marching
‘ against the tower of painted canvass in which
‘ that great king was confined.

‘ It is probable that Robert voluntarily fell into
‘ the hands of the republican army : it is at least
‘ certain, that, after a conference with the general,
‘ the result of which should have transferred him
‘ to a court-martial, where he would have been
‘ sentenced to death as an emigrant taken with
‘ arms in his hand, he procured passports to re-
‘ pair to Paris : there is no doubt that he obtained
‘ this favour by discoveries of the greatest im-
‘ portance. It was found necessary, however,
‘ to confine him in a state-prison: he was indebted
‘ to me for his liberty.

‘ Returning to Germany, he gained a dis-
‘ graceful livelihood by swindling the unfortunate
‘ companions of his exile.

‘ Robert was acquainted with the intentions of
‘ Pichegru on the 18th of Fructidor, and from
‘ Hamburgh, where he then was, he sent to the

‘ Directory all the intelligence he could procure
‘ on the subject. He obtained at this price per-
‘ mission to re-enter France, where he hired
‘ himself to one of the three Directors, and pub-
‘ lished some anonymous pamphlets in his favour.

‘ Intrusted by the French government with a
‘ secret mission, he passed over to England,
‘ communicated his instructions to the English
‘ Ministers, and lived brilliantly at London du-
‘ ring two years on the profits of this double
‘ treachery.

‘ He re-appeared in France when he thought
‘ the power of Bonaparte solidly established, and
‘ published some memoirs, in which he un-
‘ blushingly exposed his own shame in the face
‘ of Europe; while he continued to amuse the
‘ most zealous royalists with the idea, that he
‘ sacrificed even his honour to the cause of his
‘ legitimate prince.

‘ The fatal issue of the Russian campaign,
‘ which he had sagacity enough to foresee, dic-
‘ tated to him the measures most advisable to be
‘ pursued. Provided with all the documents it
‘ had been in his power to procure, he passed
‘ into Portugal under another name, returned to

‘ France in the train of the English army, and
‘ made noise enough to induce the belief that he
‘ had conducted and prepared the insurrection of
‘ Bourdeaux.

‘ Such is the man who now dares talk of his
‘ claims on the benevolence of the King, and on
‘ the confidence of his ministers.’

When the Count had ceased reading, the question, *which of the two had been most guilty*, was a long while agitated; it was at length decided that each had done as much harm as possible in his respective situation, and that they had an equal right to the public contempt.

M. de Clenord founded on this decision a remark, that patriotism and loyalty are the requisite qualities of a man in office; but that it is necessary to beware of seeking proofs of them in treachery, even if it should have been the means of preparing the triumph of the good cause.

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*No. XXIV.—December 5, 1814.*  
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TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO !

When all things are advancing towards a common end, it is best to go quietly with the stream of the times, which will, at all events, carry us with it.

CHATEAUBRIAND, *Reflex. Polit.*

How great, how noble is the purpose of the writer, whose eloquent and conciliating voice calms the passions, reconciles the minds, and unites the hearts of all in the common sentiment of the public good ! Such is the object of M. de Chateaubriand in the work which I have quoted at the head of this article ; and the eulogium of which, in the mouth of all the French, is at once the reward of talent, and the debt of gratitude. After having paid mine in a few words, I proceed to my text.

Twenty-five years ago! This phrase terminates all my discussions with the Baron d'Apréville, of whom I have previously spoken. He is resolute in reckoning for nothing the quarter of a century which has elapsed since he was in Paris. It is impossible to make him understand that this lapse of time, and the political events which have occurred in it, must have produced in the laws, the manners, the habits, even in the ideas of the people, changes to which it is absolutely necessary to conform under fear of suffering and causing a great deal of trouble and inconvenience, and, what is still worse, of being ridiculous. When he speaks of the circumstances and occurrences of 1788, he always appears to be speaking of yesterday: *I said the other day*, means, in his mouth, *I said twenty-five years ago*; and the greatest reproach he throws on the revolution (when he can for a moment be brought to admit that there has been a revolution) is that of having altered the etiquette, which he calls the palladium of the monarchy. The Baron has always in his pocket the Ceremonial of France, and considers it an infinite disgrace to the nation

that the author of such a work should have fallen into neglect.

To his enthusiasm for etiquette must be attributed his admiration of Gaston, the brother of Louis XIII. who has no other claim to celebrity but that of having been the most profound ceremonialist of his age; a species of superiority to which the son of Henry the Great could scarcely have been expected to aspire, and which d'Epéron estimated at its true value, when, on the Prince giving him his hand to descend from a platform erected for a fête, he said, "I believe, Monseigneur, this is the first occasion on which you have assisted one of your friends to descend from the scaffold."

The Baron's prejudices are not of that kind which reasoning can eradicate: all that he says and does, he has done and said so long, that it is easy to see the whole system of his being depends as much on that uniformity of motion as the action of a clock on the regular oscillation of its pendulum. I should have been glad if I could but have convinced him that etiquette, of which at the same time I felt all the importance, had a certain real progress which it was essential to

follow, and that the work of the two Godefroys, of which he had in his library so beautiful a copy enriched with marginal notes in his own hand, was no longer of any very great utility in the new order of things which time and circumstances had introduced at court.

I had no sooner pronounced the words, *new order of things*, than the Baron grew angry—asking me if I was one of those who talked of constitutional charters, and chambers of deputies, and budgets, and all such fooleries, the inventors of which ought to be banished from the kingdom, and all their partisans to be sent after them. “These absurdities,” said he, “have been long talked of; thank Heaven, I have heard nothing of them: when the French began to grow mad, I very deliberately locked my doors: *when the plague is abroad, the wise man shuts himself up.*” (This is my cousin’s favourite sentence.) “The crisis has been long, but it is at length passed: the King has reascended his throne, the ancient monarchy has recovered its lilies, all returns into order, every man, every thing has its assigned and proper place, and I know which is mine.”

All that the Baron has done since his return to the capital is conformable to his system of taking no account of times, things, and persons, since the year 1788, which he is determined to approximate, without any intermedium, to the point of life at which he has now arrived.

His journey to Paris had a three-fold object, of ambition, of interest, and of love.

He wanted to obtain the Cross of Saint Louis.—this was the object of his first proceeding.—D'Apréville had heard that a certain Lieutenant-general Valdeck enjoyed great favour at court; he recollected that the Major of his regiment had the same name: it is probably the same person; it is both his duty and his interest to visit him.

He arrives at the hotel, and is announced to the General under the name of Captain D'Apréville. The General appears. The Baron, who thinks he recognises him, is surprised to find him younger than he left him; nevertheless he begins to talk of the regiment in which they served together, and of their ancient friendship. "These proofs of it," replied the General, "are the more interesting to me, from their being addressed to the memory of my father."

The Baron blushed at his mistake, and made some lame excuses respecting the rank and the high dignities which M. de Valdeck had attained at his age. "I am still young, it is true," replied the General, "but I am old in campaigns and in wounds, and I have obtained all my promotion, all my decorations, on the field of battle."—"You have defended the cause of Napoleon?"—"I have defended that of France, and in this light the King regarded my services when he honoured me with the Cross of Saint Louis."—"The Cross of Saint Louis has been due to me fifteen years, and for eight months I have solicited it in vain: it is true, I never served the tyrant."—"Keep your temper, my Lord Baron; justice shall be done you: I owe it to my father's friendship for you to contribute to it to the extent of my power: state to me briefly the grounds of your demand: you have emigrated, of course?"—"I have not quitted France."—"I understand: you joined the army of La Vendée?"—"I should have done so but for the insolent proposition that was made to me of serving under the orders of a Stofflet, a park-keeper."—"What then did you

“do during the revolution?”—“*What does a wise man do when the plague is abroad? He shuts himself up.* I shut myself up. Now the air is pure, the sky serene, and here I am.”—“I congratulate you, but I do not see in all this a very peremptory claim to the favour you solicit; yet I do not despair of obtaining it for you,—you will pass in the crowd.”

This affair being arranged, the Baron proceeded to the business of his law-suit, and repaired to the house of his counsel, whose address he had not forgotten. He entered the *rue de Taranne*, recognised the hotel, and inquired for M. de Coulange, formerly Counsellor to the Parliament of Metz, and now Advocate General. The porter assured him there was no person of that name in the house. “It is very strange: this is certainly his hotel.”—“No, Sir; this is the house of the Justice of Peace of the *arrondissement*.”—“A Justice of Peace! an *arrondissement*! how this poor city is changed! There is no knowing where one is in it.” The Baron was walking away as he muttered these words, when he met Madame de Touris, a very litigious old lady of his acquaintance, whom he had known in the country, and who was repairing to the office of

the Justice of Peace to begin, by a refusal of arrangement, one of the forty actions she was carrying on at Paris, and to hear the summary of the case read over. D'Apreville promised to recommend her to one of his old friends, counsellor of the *Grand' Chambre*, whose address he was now seeking.—“ My dear friend, the *Grand' Chambre* is very much to the purpose, when “ my cause is coming on in the *Cour Royale*.”— “ The devil it is ! why, surely that affair ought “ to have gone to the Parliament ! ” — “ Un- “ doubtedly, *twenty-five years ago*, but now——” “ Pardon me : I can never accustom myself to “ all these new names under which our ancient “ institutions are disguised. Be that as it may, “ the Advocate General is my particular friend, “ and I will speak to him in your behalf if I can “ discover where he resides.” Mad. de Touris was not likely to be in ignorance of the abode of any illustrious limb of the law ; she took the Baron into her crazy old carriage, which was so stuffed with papers and parchments that it seemed an itinerant lawyer's office, and set him down at the door of M. de Coulange.

D'Apreville was shown into the inner office : the magistrate, standing with his back to

the door, writing against a high desk at the opposite side of the room, was surprised to find himself, as he turned round, suddenly caught in the arms of a man whom he did not know, and who continued, without relaxing his hold, to talk of Metz, and of the Presidial Court, and of the *Place Coislin*, where they had so often dined together. M. de Coulange was compelled to undergo this inundation of tenderness, before he could interpose a word to tell the Baron that he was mistaken. "How, Sir! are you not M. de Coulange, Counsellor to the Parliament of Metz?"—"That was my father."—"Indeed! it is but twenty-five years."—"And my age is not thirty."—"And your father?"—"He quitted the robe to embrace the profession of arms, and I had the misfortune to lose him at the battle of Lutzen."—"It is incredible!" said the Baron to himself: "The Counsellors to the Parliament die in the field of battle; their children are magistrates: I shall never extricate myself from all this confusion."

After a short explanation the Baron began to talk of his law-suit: it was brought in the name of a minor on an account of guardianship, to recover

some property alienated by illegal sale. The outline of the matter was stated in a very luminous style ; but when the Advocate General came to inquire into the details, he could not help laughing at being told that the cause was pending before the Parliament of Paris ten years previous to the Revolution ; that the minor, in whose name the action was brought, was the Baron himself ; that the property in dispute had been sold as emigrants' property in 1793, and that the present proprietor had acquired it from the eighth hand. M. de Coulange, after having vainly attempted to prove to him that time and the Revolution had decided his cause, and that their sentence could not be recalled, was obliged to tell him that his action would not be admitted in any of the Courts. The Baron rushed out in a rage, declaring that he would appeal to the *Council* on the ground of denial of justice.

I have said that one of the three objects of his journey to Paris was love. In his last visit to the great city, his heart had been touched with a very tender sentiment for a young person, who was beginning to return it when circumstances occasioned their separation. During the twenty-five

years which the Baron does not reckon—during the time of the plague in which he shut himself up, this young person married, had children, and became a widow. This last event, of which she herself had apprised him, awakened in his heart the recollections of love and the ideas of marriage. After having very correctly given the first days to business and visits of form, he flew to the house of the amiable widow, who is still an inhabitant of the *rue Royale*: he turned aside his head as he passed opposite to the *Place Vendôme*, where rises that villanous column of Austerlitz, of which he hoped the Allies would have disencumbered us: he sighed as he turned his eyes on the ground of the Capucines, whence so many venerable pieces of crazy antiquity have been cleared away, and felt his heart palpitate once more as he knocked at the door of a house where every thing appeared unchanged.

The Baron, without answering the porter's question of where he was going, ascended the great staircase in a breath: he entered, traversed several rooms, and at length found himself face to face with a lady seated at a frame on which

she was embroidering. He stopped before her without saying a word, and looked at her with an expression of such comical tenderness, that the lady found the first impulse of surprise gradually give way to an irresistible inclination to laugh, which she did very heartily, asking him at the same time who he was, and what he wanted. —“Who I am? Caroline! have you forgotten Alfred?” —“Alfred!” —“You are not changed; but I must be very much so, since you do not recollect the Baron D’Apreville.” —“Sir,” said she, rising, “I do not recollect you, but I have the honour to know you, having often heard my mother speak of you.” —“Madame de Sesanne! The devil! Nothing but orphans in Paris! I can find neither fathers nor mothers.”

Madame de Sesanne entered. The Baron was unable to conceal his surprise. —“It is you!” said he. “Yes, my dear Baron, it is I—it is you: we are what time has made us; we must make up our minds to be so.” —“You will forgive me, I hope, for having mistaken your daughter for you; it is incredible how much

“ she resembles you.”—“ Rather say, how much
“ I resembled her *twenty-five years ago*.”

In the conversation, D’Apreville candidly acknowledged that he had done nothing but play the fool since his arrival in Paris.—“ Will you
“ allow me,” said she, “ to tell you why?—It
“ is because you will not act according to that
“ precept which never had a more necessary application : *Rub off the score of life in proportion
“ as the sands run down*.—You have slept during
“ a long storm which has driven you over a great
“ portion of the ocean of existence : you awake,
“ and expect to find yourself in the same place—
“ or at least you think it possible to return to it.
“ There is your mistake. France is full of people
“ who indulge in the same calculation, or the
“ same dream ; they will be undeceived sooner
“ or later, and their flatterers, if they can afford
“ to have any, will tell them by way of consolation, that, if they cannot be above their age,
“ it is more honourable to remain alone below it,
“ than to place themselves on a level with the
“ multitude.”

P. S. If any of my readers be interested in the fate of cousin D'Aperville, they will be pleased to learn that the prudent Madame de Sésanné intends, by giving him her hand, to keep the promise she made him *twenty-five years ago*.

No. XXV.—December 10, 1814.

THE HOSPITAL OF THE ENFANS-
TROUVÉS *

" *Cui non risère parentes.*"—VIRG.

They never knew a parent's smile.

"—*Stat fortuna improba noctu,*

" *Arridens nudis infantibus; hos foveat ulnis*

" *Involvitque sinu.*"—JUV. SAT. 6.

Fortune stands tittering by, in playful mood,
And smiles complacent on the infant brood;
Takes them, all naked, to her fost'ring arms,
Feeds from her mouth, and in her bosom warms.

GIFFORD.

THE events of this world are held together by links, sometimes so imperceptible, that it is scarcely possible to attach too much importance to the most minute details of life. It was, or at least seemed to be, very indifferent whether I dined in one house or another on Saturday last; yet the choice I made was the first cause of an

* Foundlings.

event which has changed the existence of two individuals, one of whom, having entered life under the most cruel auspices, is now destined to pass through it with all the advantages that can render it desirable, in the midst of the tender affections by which it is endeared.

I dined last week with Duterrier at Madame Dubelloy's (an old friend of my wife's), whose husband found a glorious death, at the head of the regiment of cavalry he commanded, in the Prussian campaign. This lady complained bitterly of the cruelty of fate, which had denied her the happiness of being a mother. My friend Duterrier, to whom paradoxes cost nothing, and who sustains them with as much logic as sensibility, undertook to prove to Madame Dubelloy, near whom he was placed at table, that maternal love is a factitious sentiment, in which instinct has little share, and of which all the charm, and all the strength, arises from habit. "The proof," continued he, "that too much importance is attached to nature on this point, as on many others, may be found in this unquestionable fact, that a mother whose child has been changed at nurse, receives no warn-

“ ing from her heart of the mistake into which
“ she falls ; she feels for the little stranger all
“ the tenderness she could have felt for her own
“ child ; and should the error be eventually dis-
“ covered, the true son would find it difficult to
“ enter into the inheritance of love of which his
“ mother had unintentionally deprived him.

“ The cares bestowed on the first period of
“ childhood—the first caresses the infant returns
“ —the delightful habit of seeing a little human
“ creature grow up, and develope itself, under
“ your fostering care—such are the principal,
“ not to say the only, sources of maternal love.

“ A woman may be a mother whenever she
“ pleases : there exists in Paris, to the eternal
“ honour of its divine founder, an asylum where
“ society receives into her bosom the orphans
“ whom nature abandons. There the meanest
“ and the most illustrious blood are often con-
“ founded in the same *crèche** : the fruits of
“ misconduct, of error, of seduction, are ad-
“ mitted to the participation of the same cares :
“ and mystery spreads over the cradle of these
“ infants, a veil which imagination may adorn,

* Crib or cradle.

“ at its pleasure, with all the fascinations of
“ rank.

“ Why do not so many women, who con-
“ ssume themselves, like you, in ineffectually re-
“ gretting a happiness which nature persists in
“ denying them, have recourse to that maternity
“ of adoption of which the Hospital of the En-
“ fans-Trouvés is the inexhaustible source?
“ There, Madam, your choice will be secure
“ from the influence of chance; the charms of
“ figure, the magic of a first smile, the indica-
“ tions of health and strength, the sex, of which
“ you will not have to remain nine months in
“ doubt, would be so many motives to deter-
“ mine your preference: it is not only the child
“ of your love, but the child of your wish, that
“ you may obtain.”

The abrupt peroration of my friend Duterrier excited some laughter in the company; and as I feared that two young men, of the number of those who finish their education in the box-lobby, and who were dining with us, might seize on a generous idea for the purpose of extinguishing it under quibbles and puns, I endeavoured to bring back the conversation to that

point of interest which banishes frivolity. Some ladies exclaimed against the barbarous custom of forsaking children. "It is very ancient," said Duterrier: "the elders of the tribes at Sparta authorized parents to expose such of their children as were deformed; and the slightest family interest, among the Athenians, brought about the same result.

"At Rome there was a *Lactarian* column, at the foot of which were exposed such children as their parents would not, or could not, maintain; the compassion of the passengers preserved some of them from death."

"It is not very honourable to European civilization," continued I, taking up the discourse, "to recollect that it is not above a century and a half since the opening of the first asylum in which public charity received forsaken children at Paris. A man whom philosophers have placed in the first rank of sages, and whom the church has numbered among her saints, the son of a poor Gascon labourer; by turns a slave at Tunis, and preceptor of the Cardinal de Retz; now a village-curate, now a chaplain of the galleys, Vincent de Paul ac-

“ accomplished, by the sole power of religion and
 “ virtue, a work of charity, which the govern-
 “ ment had more than once attempted in vain.
 “ But the memory of mankind, which has con-
 “ secrated *his* name, too often fails to associate
 “ with it that of Mademoiselle Le Gras, the
 “ daughter of a noble family, which still exists
 “ among us*, and whose whole fortune was de-
 “ voted to the success of this sublime enterprise.
 “ Vincent de Paul collected in the church of St.
 “ Lazarus a great number of forsaken children,
 “ and, in presence of the ladies who had under-
 “ taken the care of them, pronounced a dis-
 “ course which terminated with this eloquent
 “ peroration :

‘ Ladies—Charity and compassion have in-
 ‘ duced you to adopt these little creatures for
 ‘ your children : you have been their mothers
 ‘ by grace, since their mothers by nature have
 ‘ forsaken them. It is now to be seen if you
 ‘ too will cease to be their mothers and be-
 ‘ come their judges : their life and death are in

* The Baron Le Gras, aide-de-camp to the Prince of
 Condé, and M. Le Gras de Bereaguy, formerly Pre-
 fect of Magdeburg.

“ your hands ; I am about to collect your suffrages ; it is time to pronounce their sentence, and to know if your mercy for them be exhausted. They will live if you continue to take a charitable care of them : they will all die if you forsake them.’ ”

The discourse of the Christian orator produced a greater effect than the reasonings of Duterrier ; and it had the happy result of exciting, in some of the guests, and particularly in Madame Dubelloy, the desire of accompanying me in the visit I proposed to make on the following day to the *Enfans-Trouvés*, of which it remains for me to give an account.

Much is said of the evils which have been inflicted on France during the last twenty years, and little of the good which has been done in them. No where is this good felt so forcibly as in the hospitals, where it was most necessary ; or remarked with more interest, than in the establishment of the *Enfans-Trouvés*, under the direction of M. Pelicot, one of the governors of the hospital, and M. Hucherard, agent of superintendence.

I often bring before the tribunal of public

opinion and contempt, all that appears to me reprehensible in our habits and manners ; but I have much greater pleasure in pointing out to national gratitude and admiration, the men and things which appear to deserve them. In the present instance I find the opportunity, and willingly embrace it.

This hospital, established some years in the *rue de la Bourbe*, was transferred, on the 4th of October last, to the *rue d'Enfer*, to a house appropriated previously to 1789 to the education of young choristers. It might be thought that a presentiment of its future destination had been entertained, when more than a century ago the following inscriptions were placed on the façade of the chapel :

“ *Sanctissimæ Trinitati et infantie Jesu sacrum.*”

Sacred to the most Holy Trinity, and the infancy of Jesus.

And lower down :

“ *Invenietis infantem pannis involutum.*”

Ye shall find a child wrapped in swaddling-clothes.

The chapel, by which we began our visit, is built in a style of noble simplicity. There is

a beautiful statue of St. Vincent de Paul, by Stouf. It is a happy and touching idea, to have placed the baptismal fonts under the eyes of the Saint, who seems to smile on the children as they are there presented.

Quitting the chapel, we traversed some vast magazines, appropriated to the preparation and distribution of the clothes and linen furnished to the nurses for the use of the children, and were struck with the admirable order which reigns in a place where, according to the exigencies of the moment, every thing must necessarily be moved and displaced continually.

The first stage is occupied by the *crèche* and the infirmaries. This ward of the *crèche* presents a spectacle equally interesting to the heart and to the sight. Its principal ornament consists in one hundred and fifty iron cradles, disposed in two parallel lines, and furnished with linen of dazzling whiteness. One circumstance which I must not omit to mention is, that the iron employed in making these cradles is that of the old house of *Port-Royal*, which was converted into a prison in 1793, under the cruelly derisive name of *Port-Libre*.

Madame Dubelloy, looking at a very old and very bad picture over the fire-place of the *crèche*, expressed her surprise that none of our great painters had yet consecrated their talents to the decoration of this pious asylum. How many sublime subjects are offered to the genius of the painter in the life of the venerable founder of this house ! *St. Vincent de Paul, in the Market of Landry*, weeping over the fate of those forsaken children, of whom shame and wretchedness there made a detestable traffic.

The Assembly of the Ladies at Saint Lazarus, in which he laid the foundations of his great and holy undertaking.

The Institution of the Sisters of Charity ; an inestimable benefit, of which the revolution deprived the hospital, and which has been very recently restored to it. With what interest would the visitor contemplate, in the midst of this composition, the figure of that sister Giroud, whose portrait is seen at one of the extremities of the *crèche*, and who, during the forty years which she passed in the hospital, received into her hands two hundred and twenty-one thousand forsaken children !

Nor would the painter fail to give a conspicuous place to the respectable sister Bignan, the present superior of these devoted females, whose angelic virtues will never find a recompense on earth.

“ I know not,” continued she, “ if my heart
“ misleads me ; but it seems to me that the visit
“ which MADAME *Royale* paid to this house
“ last month, would furnish to the celebrated
“ painters who now honour the French school,
“ the subject of a picture, in which all that imagination can conceive, most noble, most
“ touching, most picturesque, would naturally
“ find its place.”

I could wish that the space and time by which I am circumscribed would permit me to enter into the details of the administration of an establishment in the examination of which public manners and morals are so particularly interested : but I must limit myself to a brief statement of the principal results.

The number of children annually received at the Hospital of the *Enfans-Trouvés* at Paris is from five to six thousand.

Above the age of two years, the forsaken chil-

dren. are sent to the Orphan Asylum of the Faubourg St. Antoine.

The number of children received from the foundation of the establishment, in 1640 to the 22d November 1814, that is to say, in the space of 174 years, amounts to 498,000.

It is curious to observe the annual progression. The number of children received in 1640 was 372; in 1665, 486; in 1690, 1504; in 1715, 1840; in 1740, 3150; in 1765, 5496; in 1790, 5842.

It is remarkable that in 1793, and during the three years of the revolutionary storm, the number of forsaken children sensibly diminished, and was never more than between three and four thousand.

An idea of the advantages resulting from vaccination, and of the zeal and care of the present directors, may be formed from the fact, that in 1804, of 50,000 children sent to nurse in the country during the ten preceding years, only 3000 were in existence; while, at the present day, out of the same number sent to nurse in the same space of time, 14,000 are living.

Of 4326 children received in the hospital

during the ten first months of the year 1814, 825 died there. That this proportion of 1 to 5 may not appear to exceed the ordinary course of nature, it is necessary to consider that the greater number of these children are the offspring of mothers exhausted with fatigues, with misery, and often with disease.

I should require several pages for the narration I have yet to make : I am necessitated to compress it in a few lines. Madame Dubelloy, whom the sophisms of Duterrier had not seduced, had experienced more pity than tenderness at the sight of the innocent creatures whose asylum we were about to quit. Chance determined that the coachman should have left his horses : and while the footman was gone to seek him at a neighbouring public-house, we awaited his return in the parlour. During this short space, the bell which announces the depositing of children was rung three times. The last was received in the hands of Madame Dubelloy herself. It was a little girl, who appeared between two and three years of age : a paper was suspended from her neck, on which was written the name of *Henriette*, followed by three initials. As she

stooped forward to give it to the sister who came down to receive it, Madame Dubelloy slipped, and fell with the child, which was slightly wounded in its fall. This accident she regarded as a warning from Heaven, reproaching her with abandoning the infant: she took it in her arms, and covered it with caresses, to which the little creature replied by a smile mingled with tears, and the compact of adoption was immediately concluded with all the customary formalities.

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 No. XXVI.—December 17, 1814.  
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MEMOIRS OF A LACQUEY.

*"Age, libertate Decembri
 " (Quando ita majores voluerunt) utere: narra."*

HOR. S. II. 7. 4.

Since our forefathers will'd it thus,
 Enjoy thy privilege: discuss.

Discuss the same in French unto me.

ANCIENT PISTOL.

WHY should not a lacquey write his history? A man who, from the nature of his condition, passes his whole life in antichambers, however little gifted with the faculty of observation, may at least boast that he knows the world, and has lived in good company. Has he not, above all other historians, the advantage of having seen his heroes and heroines in deshabille? Will an objection be raised on the score of his education, and, con-

sequently, on that of his style? I shall reply, that the great number of works bearing all the characteristics of the pen of a lacquey, with which we are daily inundated, will at least give him the advantage of being lost in the crowd.

The memoirs written during the last hundred years would form an immense library. The two classical works of this modern species, The Memoirs of the Cardinal de Retz, and those of the Chevalier de Grammont, are anterior to this epoch. All subsequent publications of this nature are but a mass of romantic absurdity, and nothing more can be expected to be derived from their perusal than a few doubtful anecdotes and a few equivocal facts.

The French refugees during the last century inundated Europe with secret memoirs, in which absurdity and insipidity contend for pre-eminence. The events of the court of France are there related by persons who never penetrated further than into the guard-room of the palace. The most intimate conversations of Louis XIV. and Madame Maintenon are reported word for word by witnesses who could only have heard them

in passing near their carriages at the distance of their guards.

After the memoirs assumedly historical come those professedly romantic. We have seen the *Memoirs of a Man of Quality*, by the Abbé Prevost; the *Memoirs or Confessions of the Count de * * * **, by Duclos; the *Memoirs of Mademoiselle A.* by M. B.; and the *Memoirs of Mademoiselle A.* by M. D. &c. &c. Thus an unnatural confusion associates distinct species of composition, and, by a strange alliance of incompatible terms, the title of *historical novels* has been given to many works which are neither histories nor novels: but, not to carry further a literary discussion, which would lead me away from my subject, I return to the *Memoirs of a Lacquey* whom I knew thirty years ago, in the service of a very great man, and whom chance led me to recognise a few days since in the situation of a check-taker to one of the minor theatres.

Julian had the misfortune to learn to read in a copy of *Gil Blas*, of the schoolmaster of Clignancourt, who passed, like Doctor Godinez at Oviedo, for the greatest pedant in the place. The pupil's disposition to learn was not much greater

than the master's capacity to teach; nevertheless he learned enough to despise the humble occupation of a vine-dresser, which his father exercised, and wished his son to follow. A few Latin words which he had retained from singing in the choir on Sundays, and from assisting at mass, raised him so high in his own esteem, that he lost no time in quitting the rustic frock for the livery. The learning which had made him a bad son would necessarily make him also a bad servant: for education, good or ill, exerts its influence through every stage of life.

Julian, in the course of an interested visit to me, the object of which I shall pass over, thought proper to intrust me with the manuscript of his memoirs, permitting me to make a few extracts according to my own judgment, for the purpose of *feeling the pulse of public opinion*. The corrections I have made extend only to his style, of which the natural character often descends to meanness, and the freedom degenerates to effrontery: with these exceptions I shall leave my Figaro of Clignancourt to speak for myself.

“(1787.) The Canon into whose service I
“entered shortly after quitting that of the Duke

“ de L——, was a man about 45 years of age,
“ and about five feet in dimension, whichever
“ way he was measured : his figure might be not
“ unaptly represented by one ball in equilibrium
“ on another, with a little pair of round black
“ eyes peeping through a deep recess formed in
“ the upper rotundity by a large pair of bushy eye-
“ brows above, and a couple of fleshy protu-
“ berances below. My new master was tole-
“ rably good-tempered, though subject now and
“ then to a fit of ill-humour, of which it was
“ not always easy to prevent the cause, or to
“ foresee the effect. This ill-humour never
“ amounted to anger, excepting when we served
“ his spinage with cream, and he wanted it with
“ gravy ; or when he was obliged to dine rather
“ earlier or later than usual, on account of di-
“ vine service ; or when his supply of Clos-Vou-
“ geot did not arrive in time, or on some other
“ occasion of equal weight.

“ The Canon Duménil enjoyed twenty-seven -
“ thousand livres a-year in three benefices : the
“ first of these had been given him as a reward for
“ a ready-made sermon which he preached before
“ the court at Choisy, and which he had purchased

“ for sixty francs of a young collegian; the second
“ was the produce of a certificate of confession
“ given at a critical period to a minister accused
“ of philosophy; the third had been granted him
“ in remuneration of the zeal he had shown in
“ supporting the interests of his chapter, in a
“ legal process against the *Hôtel Dieu*. I lived
“ three years with this holy man, and should
“ very probably have passed my life with him, if
“ he had not died of an apoplexy the very day
“ on which the Constituent Assembly decreed
“ the suppression of tithes.

“ I took advantage of the suit of mourning,
“ which the Canon's nephew made all the ser-
“ vants assume before he discharged them, to
“ offer myself as a valet-de-chambre to the Vis-
“ count d'Arpenay. I was received on the
“ recommendation of the housekeeper, whom I
“ had often seen in the house of Duménil, and
“ in whom I shall just observe, without any ma-
“ licious meaning, there was a very considerable
“ resemblance to a *madonna* in the Canon's
“ oratory.

“ The Viscount, to judge from the air of dis-
“ dain which custom had imprinted on his

“ features; and from the report of his old do-
“ mestics, must have been very difficult to serve
“ some years before; but at the period of my
“ entering into his service the rights of man had
“ just been declared, and the interval of con-
“ vention which prejudice had placed between
“ the different classes of men began to be sen-
“ sibly diminished. The system of equality was
“ rapidly gaining ground, and threatened the
“ authority of the King. My master, who was
“ a profound politician, thought it advisable to
“ have two strings to his bow: he went with
“ one part of his people to make his court at
“ Versailles, and sent me with the other into the
“ Suburbs: he had Mirabeau to dinner on one
“ day, and the Abbé Maury on the next. But
“ this skilful manœuvre had not all the success
“ which was expected from it. On the memo-
“ rable 6th of October one of his domestics was
“ killed in the riot by the Life-guards, and he
“ was himself very near being *lanterned* in the
“ avenue of Paris by a group of the *fauxbourg*
“ *Saint Antoine*, of which I made one.

“ The Viscount no longer hesitated as to the
“ plan he should pursue: he emigrated, and I

“ dispensed with the pleasure of attending him :
“ I congratulated myself on my prudence when
“ I learned, two years afterwards, that he was re-
“ duced to seek a subsistence from the produce
“ of the custards and cheesecakes which he ma-
“ nufactured in a little town of Eastern Prussia.

“ I passed some weeks in haranguing the
“ groups of the Palais Royal, but I was not long
“ in perceiving that this trade would not feed its
“ man. I one day made this remark in presence
“ of the journalist Gorsas, who had just ap-
“ plauded the motion I had been making in the
“ open air ; he proposed to me to put myself in
“ his pay : I readily accepted a proposal which
“ suited alike my taste and my necessities. I
“ entered the house of the proprietor and editor
“ of the *Courier des Départemens*, not in the ca-
“ pacity of a domestic (a denomination injurious
“ to the dignity of man), but with the more
“ becoming title of clerk. My principal occu-
“ pation was to carry the copy of the journal to
“ press, which gave me an opportunity of slipping
“ in occasionally a few articles of my own, among
“ which I must number that *Reclamation on the*
“ *Departure of MESDAMES*, which made so much

“ noise in the world, and to which I gave the
“ following termination, already preserved among
“ the choice morsels of history:

‘ Citizens ! let them depart, but retain their
‘ baggage : it is the property of the people, it is
‘ our clothes, it is our *chemises* that they are
‘ carrying away.’

“ At this word *chemises*, so suitable and so na-
“ tural, the furious aristocracy replied by an
“ impertinent song, to a common ballad tune, re-
“ quiring the *surrender of the chemises to Gorsas* ;
“ and raising some doubt as to the number,
“ quality, and colour of those he might possibly
“ have. Ridicule at that epoch was still a weapon;
“ my patron was wounded by it : he laid the
“ blame on me, and turned me out of doors. I
“ regretted him much : he was at bottom the
“ best man in the world.

“ I followed several months the trade of a pro-
“ vider of substitutes, in the section of *Brutus*,
“ where I met an old chanter of the chapter of St.
“ Duménil, whom circumstances had com-
“ pelled to change his pursuits : he was now
“ counter-tenor in a provincial theatre, and had
“ come to Paris to claim the patronage of his

4 “ old companion Collot d’Herbois. The Solon
“ of 93 received him with a comic dignity which
“ he had the misfortune to laugh at; but his
“ gaiety was repressed before evening by a *man-*
“ *date of arrest.*

“ I accompanied my friend in his visit, but
“ kept my countenance so well, that the equitable
“ Collot, who punished and rewarded with equal
“ discernment, gave me a situation with one of
“ his friends, whom he sent on a mission into
“ the department of the Mouths of the Rhône.

“ On arriving at Marscilles we fixed our
“ quarters in the handsomest house in the Rue
“ de Rome. To avoid any danger of quarrelling
“ with the proprietor, we had taken the pre-
“ caution of arresting him the preceding evening.
“ We led a very pleasant life. I *tu-toyed* my
“ master; I sat at his table; but from want of
“ money he did not pay my wages. I imagined
“ the expedient of deriving a little revenue from
“ my sensibility, and accepted an hundred louis
“ that were offered me for the discharge of a
“ prisoner, which I induced the Representative
“ to sign. Unluckily he came to the knowledge
“ of my little commerce. Republican virtue

“ could not temporize with this species of trans-
“ gression. My master dismissed me ; and it
“ was only through the solicitation of the beau-
“ tiful Madame, L——, who did the honours of
“ his house, that I escaped being guillotined as
“ an abettor of Pitt and Cobourg.

• “ I now followed a military Commissary, who
“ was departing to join the army of the Eastern
“ Pyrenees. My new master was much less
“ scrupulous than my last had been, and would
“ very soon have made both his fortune and
“ mine, if General Dugommier, who treated
“ financial matters rather too lightly, had not
“ discovered a little mistake of the Commissary,
“ who had entered in his accounts a hundred
“ thousand rations of forage as having been
“ burned on the approach of the enemy, when
“ it appeared that he had sold them for his own
“ advantage ; and ordered him, in consequence,
“ without any intervention of forms, to be shot
“ one morning. The cause of the poor Com-
“ missary was well revenged a few days after-
“ wards : the General was killed by an how-
“ itzer.

“ I had been implicated in this cursed affair.

“ The commissioner charged to examine my
“ conduct, pretended to have discovered that I
“ had accepted twenty-five louis for a signature
“ which I had entered on the margin of the frau-
“ dulent account. My prejudiced and malevolent
“ judge persisted in discovering a forgery in this
“ act of pure complaisance, and I know not
“ whither I should have been led by the detach-
“ ment appointed to execute the unjust sentence
“ against me, if Providence had not thrown in
“ our way, within a few leagues of Tours, a
“ column of the Vendéan army : my guards took
“ to flight, and I sought refuge in the ranks of
“ my deliverers, whom I thought I should inte-
“ rest more warmly in my fate by offering myself
“ to their eyes as a victim of the august cause.
“ they defended.

“ I returned to Paris on the 9th of Thermidor.
“ I lived then without money, without certifi-
“ cate, and not knowing where to lay my head.
“ One day, when I went for the thirteenth
“ time to put down my name in the office of the
“ *Petites Affiches*, I there met with a young lady
“ of an elegant figure, who attracted my attention
“ by the animation of her manners and a some-
“ what more than feminine energy in the tones

“ of her voice. She was dictating to the clerk
“ who compiled the advertisements. He wrote
“ as follows :

‘ Wanted as valet-de-chambre to a single person
‘ son, a man between thirty and thirty-five years
‘ of age, of a good stature and an agreeable appearance,
‘ who can occasionally officiate as
‘ secretary, and is able to ride post. No one need
‘ apply who is deficient in any one of these qualifications.’

“ I heard all this very distinctly : there was an
“ openness in her manner of speaking which
“ overcame my natural bashfulness. ‘Madam,’
“ said I, approaching her with a mingled air of
“ respect and deliberation, and addressing her
“ with the best grace I could assume, ‘ if my appearance
“ does not displease you, I will venture
“ to lay claim to all the qualifications you require.
“ I am thirty-four years of age, five feet
“ six inches in height ; I would ride for a wager
“ against the most indefatigable bagsman. and
“ I have studied with the view of writing in the
“ newspapers.’ The lady looked at me with a
“ very encouraging smile, and ordered me to call
“ the next morning for her answer at her own
“ house.

“ I did not fail to be there at the time appointed. It was two o’clock : she had not yet risen, and five or six men of the number of her most particular friends, who assembled there every morning, were engaged in familiar conversation at the head of her bed. I saw them depart one after another, and recognised among them several chiefs of a party, formidable even after its overthrow, and known under the name of the *tail of Robespierre*. As soon as she was alone, she rang for her woman, and ordered me to be shown up. I was dazzled by the taste and elegance of a bedchamber, in which glasses and flowers combined in an infinite variety of fascination. Madame Darvis (the name of her whom I was authorized from this day to call my mistress) accepted my services with a condescension so particular, that my self-love derived from it the foundation of hopes to which the future was not slow in giving reality.

“ I learned on the very evening of my arrival, in the course of a conversation with the *femme de chambre*, who already began to treat me with prophetic consideration, the history, or rather the adventures, of Madame Darvis. She

“ was the daughter of a man of quality, and at
“ the age of fourteen had married the silly heir of
“ one of the richest houses in the capital. At
“ sixteen, she threw off the yoke of conjugal
“ authority, and followed to the field a young
“ officer of the army of the North; who at the
“ epoch of the defection of Dumourier took re-
“ fuge on the shores of the lake of Constance.
“ The tender Victorine had promised to follow
“ him: in a few days afterwards she was actually
“ on the road; but the devil, who alone at that
“ time meddled with the affairs of France, and
“ who sought an agreeable relaxation from the
“ fury with which he inspired the one half of its
“ inhabitants, in the folly with which he in-
“ spired the other, threw into her way a certain
“ A. D. a republican delegate, who being sud-
“ denly fascinated, procured himself the time and
“ opportunity requisite for the declaration of his
“ passion by putting the object of it under arrest;
“ and did not restore her liberty till he had lost
“ his own.

“ This connexion determined the political
“ principles of Madame Darvis, whom the na-
“ tural bent of her character led to every kind of
“ extravagance Her patriotism became madness:

and even while she condemned the violent measures employed by the revolutionists for founding the Republic, she was conspicuous at R——, at N——, at A——, haranguing in the clubs, presiding at detestable fêtes, and even carrying her extravagance so far as to be publicly adored in a temple under the name and figure of the *Goddess of Reason*. - * - - -

[I suppress the end* of a paragraph, which here would be, on more accounts than one, an impropriety in rendering public.]

“ I played a double part in this house, and played it worse and worse every day : it flattered neither my idleness nor my ambition, nor even my vanity, when I knew on what my happiness depended : I was not less disposed to demand my dismissal than others were to give it me.

“ Among the trusty friends of Madame Darvis was a citizen N——, concerning whom, during several weeks, I had made a singular observation : I saw him go out of the house every morning, but I never saw him enter it. One day he came himself to awake me ; his

“ manner was strongly indicative of anxiety and
“ impatience : he ordered me to put the horse
“ to the cabriolet, and follow him. I hesitated
“ at first to obey ; but my reluctance was over-
“ come by an anticipative calculation of the
“ probable use he might make of a cane in his
“ hand, which he flourished with uncommon
“ dexterity. We went down into the court-yard:
“ he returned for a minute into the house ; and
“ while I was harnessing the horse, four gen-
“ darmes arrived : M. N—— spoke in a low tone
“ to their chief, took his seat in the cabriolet,
“ ordered me to get up behind, and drove to the
“ Luxembourg ; where I was not a little surprised
“ to find that he made his entrée in the capacity
“ of director. He seemed to think that I was
“ entitled to some recompense, and in a few days
“ appointed me porter of the directorial palace.
“ Now, indeed, I thought my fortune made with
“ people who made theirs so well. I followed the
“ example of Little John—‘ None entered our
“ door without greasing the knocker.’

“ M. N—— was intrusted with the depart-
“ ment of the contracts, and had organized this
“ branch of administration in a manner totally

“ new. To render his office equally pleasant and
 “ profitable, he had chosen as his assistants some
 “ amiable women (and Madame Darvis among
 “ the number), who conducted business with a
 “ freedom and facility very rarely to be met with.
 “ I did not neglect the advantages my situation
 “ offered : I drew up a table of rates for all the
 “ favours that might be procured through my
 “ intervention : so much for conveying a petition
 “ to the Director ; so much for an acknow-
 “ ledgment of reception ; so much for speaking
 “ to Madame S——, to Madame A——, to
 “ Madame R—— : besides this, I levied a rea-
 “ sonable contribution on every thing that was
 “ brought to the house : in short, I managed
 “ so well, that in less than six months I had
 “ accumulated a hundred thousand francs in
 “ *mandats* ; which, however, I did not think quite
 “ so solid as ingots. - - - - -

“ Business did not interfere with pleasure.
 “ The same ladies whose mornings were so use-
 “ fully employed, met in the evening in the
 “ Director’s apartments ; and God knows of
 “ what delicious repasts, of what delightful

“ orgies the nights were witnesses. As I write
 “ for the instruction of my children *, there
 “ will be great utility and propriety in placing
 “ before them a few pictures in which truth
 “ must justify freedom of colouring, and in
 “ which they will find more than one that may
 “ come under the denomination of a family
 “ piece. - - - - - - - - -
 - - - - - - - - -

[I have very different ideas from Julian on the subject of the education of children ; and I think there are many truths which, with respect to them, are much better concealed than communicated ; I shall, therefore, skip over twenty leaves of the manuscript, and resume the thread of his narrative.]

“ But affection, credit, and power, wore out
 “ rapidly under the Directory. My master be-
 “ came tired of my services ; and my reign,
 “ more transient even than his, did not survive
 “ his attachment to Madame Darvis : he gave
 “ me my discharge. But as misfortunes never
 “ come single, I had embarked my little pro-

* Julian, in this passage, seems to allude, epigrammatically, to the Memoirs of M——.

“ perty in a speculation which my late mistress
“ directed ; she became a bankrupt, and I lost,
“ in one day, the fruit of a year of toil.

“ This lady, who had found the means of
“ getting rid of a troublesome lover, by procuring
“ him an appointment of aide-de-camp to a ge-
“ neral officer employed on the expedition to
“ Egypt, took a double advantage of the opportu-
“ nity, and persuaded me to follow him to the
“ banks of the Nile. The general, his aide-de-
“ camp, and myself, all three paid our creditors,
“ by assigning to them a portion of the revenues
“ of the Pachalick, which we intended to take
“ possession of in Syria.

“ We departed - - - - -

[The geographical and military knowledge of Julian throws little interest into the details of his voyage : we will, therefore, hasten to land with him on the ancient shore of the Pharaohs.]

“ My general was one of the first victims of
“ this memorable campaign : he was killed at
“ the gates of Alexandria, and left me as a le-
“ gacy to General Menou, who, on our arrival
“ at Cairo, promoted me to the rank of super-
“ intendent of his household.

“ My new master, whose devotion to Bona-
“ parte was not checked by idle scruples, and
“ who heard him daily repeat in his proclama-
“ tions, that *God is God, and Mahomet is his*
“ *prophet*, took it according to the letter, bar-
“ tered his hat for a turban, and, that nothing
“ might be wanting to his new character of a
“ faithful Mussulman, he married, in open
“ mosque, a girl whose father kept a bagnio in
“ Damascus, and gave her a dozen female com-
“ panions, of whom he composed his haram.

“ General Aldhala loved me much, and wished
“ me to retain the place I held in his house,
“ without derogating from the established cus-
“ toms of the Mussulmans, whose creed he had
“ just embraced. One day he summoned me
“ to him: I found him in the baths, sitting on a
“ cushion on the ground, in the Turkish fashion,
“ with his pipe and sherbet. After speaking of
“ the attachment he had for me, his desire to
“ make my fortune, and the kindness with
“ which he intended to treat me, if I would
“ consent to remain continually in his service,
“ he gave me at length to understand, that he
“ wished me to qualify myself for an officer of

“ the seraglio. I answered by a positive refusal.
 “ He insisted, and concluded by telling me,
 “ that he would find the means of conquering
 “ my foolish obstinacy, and making my fortune
 “ in spite of myself. This promise, or, rather,
 “ this menace, terrified me to such a degree,
 “ that, without awaiting the result, I took re-
 “ fuge with a member of the Egyptian Insti-
 “ tute, on board of the frigate which bore Cæsar
 “ and his fortune back to France. We disem-
 “ barked at Fréjus. - - - - -

“ Baron N——, to whom Rustan, the Ma-
 “ meluke, had recommended me, held a very
 “ high place in the Emperor’s favour, though
 “ he had rendered him a signal service on the
 “ 18th of Brumaire. Protection among princes
 “ is the sublime of gratitude. Every animal is
 “ true to its instinct : accordingly, the Baron,
 “ whom fortune had supplied with the means
 “ of sitting down comfortably at home, chose
 “ rather to pass his life at the back of another
 “ man’s chair. Dependence is his element. A
 “ master he must have : who that master may
 “ be, is a point of little consequence. Satisfied

“ for its own sake, with a servile state of exist-
“ ence, he thinks not of the colour, but only
“ of the richness of the livery. The domestic
“ had all the defects of a master, and the
“ master all the vices of a lacquey : it seemed
“ scarcely possible that we should agree ; never-
“ theless, he treated me with great kindness.
“ How could he do otherwise, to a man recom-
“ mended by the Emperor’s Mameluke ?

“ On the morning of the 20th of March,
“ the Baron received news from Fontainebleau,
“ which determined him on setting out imme-
“ diately to join the ministers at Blois. We
“ departed through the gate d’Enfer, while the
“ armies were fighting at Belleville, crying, with
“ all our lungs, *Vive l’Empereur !* We were
“ prudent enough to stop at the third stage on
“ the road to Orleans, where we were informed,
“ during the night, of the great event of the
“ day. This news altered our designs. At
“ daybreak we commenced our return to Paris.
“ We re-entered the city by the gate of the
“ Champs-Elysées, with the white scarf on
“ our arms, and an enormous white cockade

“in our hats, shouting *Vive le Roi!* Two
“months afterwards, the Baron made a merit
“of the promptitude of his loyalty, to obtain
“the brilliant place which he at present oc-
“cupies.”

THE END.

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